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Photo. by J. THOMSON.

LADY TERENCE BLACKWOOD.

Grosvenor Street, W.

PEACOCKS.

FEW people can dissociate that marvellously-beautiful bird, the peacock, from the surroundings for which at first sight he seems to have been created. His chosen home is by green well-kept lawns, overshadowed by long-branched trees, where there are mossy balustrades, ivy-grown walls, a sun-dial, or at least a venerable garden-urn. If you can set him in a stately courtyard like Warwick, or by the waters of a moated grange, or strutting upon the terrace of a Jacobean manor-house, he will fall into the scene like a very part of itself. Dignity sits in his movements; vanity gleams in his feathers—a very exemplar of self-possession, pride of person, contempt for ignoble beings, is this. His colouring is surpassingly beautiful; those iridescent hues are fated to bewitch; that stately strut is wonderful to behold. Ornithologists tell an interesting story of the genera and species of the peacock. They confound us by averring that his tail is not a tail, but merely tail-coverts, extended to wondrous length for no other purpose than to captivate the dames; they narrate the migrations and importations of this gorgeous jungle-fowl. Fowl! said we. An ignoble word, truly, for this stately creature, whose glory was a treasure in the palaces of Solomon, whose crest has been the pride of kings, whose feathers wave over Oriental potentates and gleam in the realms of fairyland! Even his harsh and raucous cry, you must confess, strikes upon the ear with strange impressiveness when, at sunset, the cows make distant music, and the nightingale or thrush is piping to the thorn.

There is gravity almost imperturbable in his air. You cannot laugh at him, except when he is caught in a gale of wind. One thing, at least, you will probably never think of doing with him, that is, of eating him. It was not always so, for he figured largely at ancient banquets, and was set, trussed and steaming, but covered with all his panoply, upon the tables of mediæval kings. It would seem, however, that the mind has often recoiled from the pleasures of the palate where the peacock has been concerned. The gentlemen of the ancient world looked askance upon him as a dish. Horace was one of these; Vitellius and Heliogabalus were not. "If I were to place a peacock on the table," says Horace reproachfully to his guests, "I should scarcely prevail on you to leave it and partake of chicken instead, for the bird is rare—a *rara avis*, indeed—and makes a fine spread with its tail"—*et picta pandat spectacula cauda!*

The poet would certainly have spoken vainly to Helioga-

balus, who was not content until he had immense ragouts of the brains and tongues of peacocks at his revels; which was worse, surely, than making sandwiches of bank-notes. It is on record that one Aufidius Lurcon—there is something evil-sounding about the name—was the first man to fatten the bird for the table, who made thereby an income of 50,000 sesterces per annum. From one cause or another the peacock has now lost its vogue with the epicure, though still—but tell it not in Gath!



Photo. by C. Reid,

A STately CREATURE.

Wishaw, N.B.

—there is succulency and flavour in its youthful flesh before that glorious feathering has grown. Perhaps Mr. Innes Shand, or some other academic cook, might discourse upon the special cuisine.

But the cooking of peacocks is not a subject to write or comfortably. The bird is better on the lawn than in the kitchen. We cannot think of him grilled, roast, or boiled. The hundred eyes of Argus with which Juno bedecked his tail forbid desecration, and it may be hoped the day will never come when the splendid bird will have ceased to grace the gardens and terraces of the land. The peacock is of somewhat delicate nurture, and by no means prolific, and the hen is scarcely a devoted mother. There is a white variety, somewhat curious, which makes a pleasing picture amid a crowd of gorgeously-

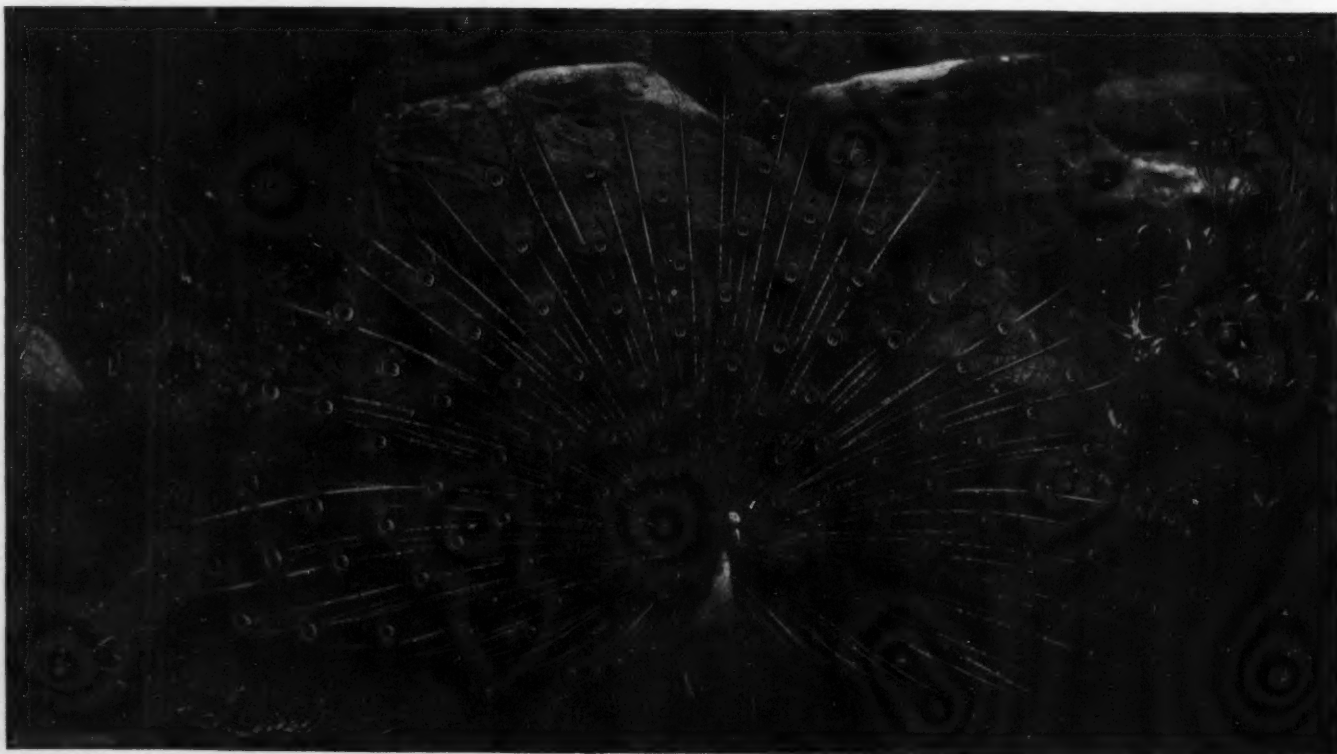


Photo. by C. Reid,

FULL OF IMPORTANCE.

Wishaw, N.B.

coloured birds, and a kind known as "Japanned," about which curious problems of natural history have been raised. Those who have seen the peacock in the pride of his splendour, adorning in numbers the grounds of some country castle or manor—there are about fifty, for example, at Warwick Castle

—regret, when they visit some houses where the bird would have a suitable home, to find the gardens and terraces vacant of this beautiful tenant. The breeding and care of the peacock may be commended as full of interest and pleasure to dwellers in the pleasant places of the country.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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COUNTRY NOTES.

THE fine weather of the last week of February has done much to repair the damage done by the heavy rainfall and consequent floods of the first part of the month. "February fill ditch, white or black," as they call the month in the Eastern Counties, has certainly acted up to his (or ought it to be her?) reputation in this year of grace 1897. But although, of course, a good deal of damage was wrought by the floods in many places, they have entirely obviated the possibility of a water famine in country districts dependent for their water supply on ponds and the like. The fear of the pond supplies giving out was a matter of great anxiety in the earlier part of the summer of 1896, when the season was exceptionally dry; but all ground of apprehension was removed, literally at the last moment, by the unusually copious rainfall of the later summer and autumn. The Thames Valley has now resumed its normal aspect, but the meadows are still too sodden to be used for pasturage.

Now that our dogs are rejoicing in their newly-found emancipation from the odious muzzling order, it may be worth while for the authorities to consider the steps which should be taken in the event of a serious recurrence of hydrophobia. Even if muzzling be a safe and reliable means of stamping out the disease (which in many minds is open to doubt), it must be beyond question that the partial, patchworky method in which the operation of the law has been enforced is altogether useless for the purpose intended. For instance, in Essex, in most of the towns, the muzzling regulation obtained, but in the country districts the dogs were allowed to go free. On the borders of the borough of West Ham, for instance, where the order was in force, a dog on one side of the street, being in the borough, had to wear his muzzle; if, however, he ran to the other side of the road, he was free of the order. Could anything be more absurd? And doubtless there were other counties in which an equally ridiculous system prevailed.

To be efficacious, the matter should be under one head, controlled by a Government department, and the order, if made, should extend to the whole country, and be for a prolonged period, say, twelve months; in which case either the importation of dogs from other countries should be absolutely prohibited, or else a rigorous quarantine, for a long period, should be imposed on all fresh arrivals. Of course, such proceedings would be unpleasant in many ways; but hydrophobia is such a fearful scourge that no reasonable dog-owner could object to any regulations, properly framed and properly carried out, which would once and for all stamp it out. But very reasonable complaint may be made of the fitful way in which the various governing bodies have been pleased hitherto to use the power committed to them.

A meeting, convened by the Earl of Warwick, Major General Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., and other gentlemen, was held last week at the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street. Mr. A. W. Ruggles-Brise, who occupied the chair, explained that it was proposed to form an association, managed by a representative committee, empowered "to prosecute for offences under the Game Laws, committed on lands belonging to members, or over which they had sporting rights, the expenses of such prosecution being paid out of the funds of the association; and to keep under observation all notorious poachers and persons suspected of complicity in the illegal traffic of game and game eggs." With the object of the meeting most sportsmen will cordially sympathise, and it is satisfactory to learn that the proposed association was formed. But as long as human nature is what it is, no fines or imprisonment will prevent people of a certain class from turning a dishonest penny at their neighbours' expense if the opportunity arises. A deadlier blow would be aimed at the nefarious practice of egg-stealing if all owners of shooting rights were to refuse to buy, and to refuse to allow their servants to buy, any game eggs, the origin of which was not entirely above suspicion. Once destroy the means of getting rid of the eggs when stolen, and the thief, like Othello, would find his occupation gone.

A correspondent sends me a cutting from the Worcester Times, giving an interesting account of the capture of a badger in the streets of Worcester town. Such an incident, of course, is

most unusual. It appears the animal was found by some men at work, and half a dozen of them, as well as two or three dogs, at once gave chase. In the end, the badger met his death at the hands of a gentleman whom he attacked. The badger, it is supposed, found his way from Gorse Hill, an adjacent fox covert.

My correspondent heads his communication "Badgers not yet extinct." Certainly, if the badger is by no means extinct, he is within measurable distance of becoming so, which is much to be regretted, as, with the exception of the fox, the badger is the only really wild animal of any size to be found in these islands. A very large badger, weighing 34lb., was captured not long ago in Essex, but not until he had bitten a man's finger off as cleanly as if it had been cut off in a chaff-cutting machine. In some places, Buscot Park, for instance, badgers are kept in captivity, and an advertisement would probably procure for a small sum a live specimen of this interesting animal for anyone desirous of possessing such an odoriferous pet.

Without referring in any way to the badger incident commented on above, it is necessary to protest, and to protest strongly, against the senseless slaughter of any rare or interesting visitant to these islands which may come in the way of the so-called sportsman. For the sake of the ephemeral glory of a paragraph in the local paper, and possibly the exhibition in the taxidermist's window of the specimen "Shot by Mr. So-and-So," many feathered immigrants of the deepest interest to the naturalist have met an untimely fate. A charge of shot from the first observer is poor hospitality with which to receive a visitor whose misplaced confidence in the climate and the inhabitants of this country can hardly be urged as a reason for his immediate and senseless extinction.

Every day something happens to remind us of the flight of time, and the latest news about the gamest horse that ever looked through a bridle, the gallant old Hampton, has brought vividly to my mind the day on which he won the Great Metropolitan at Epsom for his then young owner and trainer, James Nightingall. That was in 1875, when he was a three year old, so that he is now twenty-five years old; and although he has borne his years bravely up to now, he has of late been troubled with rheumatism, and has had to be kept very low, for fear of fever in his feet. I am truly sorry to hear that he can hardly move now, and is rapidly breaking up; and as all the subscriptions to him for the season have been returned, there is, alas! no chance of his giving us another Ladas.

If I were asked which was, in my opinion, the most charming horse I ever knew, I should unhesitatingly say Hampton. He was always such a docile, intelligent, beautifully-mannered horse. He invariably seemed to understand everything, and there was nothing he would not do. He was not in the first class, it is true, but he was a real stayer of the first water—by which I mean a horse that can run on when he is beaten, and the gamest of the game. Many a race have I seen him win because he would not accept defeat, and he had a style of finishing his races which was all his own.

I knew the old horse well during his turf career, and I was at Hampton races, on what was then Molesey Hurst, and is now Hurst Park, on the day when he won the South-Western Stakes, and was afterwards sold to James Nightingall for 200 guineas. He was then, as always, rather a small colt, but a very truly-made one—all quality and a beautiful mover. He came of the soft Newminster blood on his sire's side, through one of its best channels however, being by Lord Clifden, whose dam was The Slave by Melbourne, out of Volley, by Voltaire, her dam, Martha Lynn, by Mulatto; whilst he got plenty of hard blood through his dam, Lady Langden (dam of Sir Bevy's), who was by Kettledrum, by Rataplan.

The first race he won for his new owner was a Two Year Old Stakes at Brighton, in which he was entered to be sold for 50 sovs. He was the first horse beat, I remember, in that race; but he stuck to his work with such effect that he bore his opponents all down at the finish, and won by a length. I made up my mind after that race to back him whenever he ran, and I always did. He was bought in after this for 150 guineas. Fancy buying a Hampton for 150 guineas!

As a three year old he beat a good field for the Great Metropolitan, when he was not nearly at his best, having been lately coughing, and being consequently short of work. In fact, he was a horse that never required much work, and when he subsequently won the Goodwood Stakes—as a four year old, and not as a three, as Mr. John Corlett suggests in last week's *Sporting Times*—his preparation had been of the shortest. He was a beautiful jumper, too, and ran second to Chandos, unquestionably the best hurdle-racer we ever saw, for the big Autumn Hurdle

Race at Croydon. He ran prominently, too, under a big weight in that year's Cesarewitch. He afterwards won the Northumberland Plate with 8st. 12lb., and beat Skylark, Petrarch, and Charon for the Goodwood Cup. At this time he was trained by Robert Peck, and as a five year old took part in ten races, of which one only was of less distance than two miles, and of which he won eight.

As a six year old he went to Mat Dawson, and ran fourth for the Cambridgeshire, won by Isonomy. He also made a gallant effort to win another Goodwood Stakes, but no horse in England could have given 2st. to Norwich on that day, and he was beaten by a length. He passed through many hands during his career, beginning with Mr. Langlands, the well-known and popular secretary of the Epsom Sporting League, James Nightingall, Mr. Hersey, Mr. Hobson, and, last of all, his present owner, Lord Ellesmere.

As a sire he begat three Derby winners in Merry Hampton, Ayrshire, and Ladas, as well as Highland Chief, who was only beaten by a head in 1886. Rêve d'Or, too, the staying Sheen, the speedy Prince Hampton, Royal Hampton, the best of his year, and sire of Marcion, were all by him, and we all know the value of Hampton mares at the stud. It is, in my opinion, through Hampton that the Newminster blood will live, and this I attribute to its stout backing, in his case, of Rataplan, Tramp, and Queen Mary.

I have always felt sure that there are a much larger number of horses running under wrong names and pedigrees than anyone has any idea of, and as some of these must always be mares I am no believer in the absolute accuracy of the stud book. We can all remember the celebrated case of Bend Or and Tadcaster, and although that case was finally settled at the time, I have never been sure that the decision arrived at was correct. I can also remember several other cases in which the same sort of thing has happened, and I myself once bought a filly at auction with an entirely wrong pedigree, which, as she afterwards went to the stud, would have led to all sorts of confusion had I not some time afterwards, and by a complete accident, found out the mistake.

A similar case was very nearly occurring at Tattersall's on Monday last. Among four four year old fillies sent up by Mr. Foxhall Keene there were a daughter of St. Serf and Maid of Dorset, and another by Marion out of New Hill. These two had, somehow or another, got transposed in their boxes, and it was merely the accident of Mr. Lacey, of the Borough Green Stud, where they were all foaled, happening to come into the yard that day, which prevented the Marion filly being sold to a friend of mine by mistake for St. Serf. As they were both the same colour, and had no distinguishing marks, the mistake would probably never have been found out afterwards; and as this particular filly would have been bought to send to a particular horse, the results might not have been quite up to expectations.

And, talking of mistakes, it seems a pity that horses are allowed to run under National Hunt Rules with similar names and without any distinguishing numerals. Not a little confusion was caused in this way last week by the two Nortons, one of whom, the Waler favourite for this year's Grand National, won the Park Steeplechase on Friday, whilst the other, a perfectly different animal, and the property of Mr. Heaven, was the winner of the Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase at Warwick on the previous Wednesday. Surely, in this case, and in all similar ones, there should be some way of distinguishing between the two.

The added money at Gatwick has this year been increased from 2,290 sovs. to 3,150 sovs., which is the largest amount given at any Steeplechase meeting in the South of England. On the first day of the meeting there is the Tantivy Steeplechase of 1,000 sovs. for four year olds, and on the second day the International Steeplechase of 1,000 sovs. (for which there are thirty-five acceptances). These two races are respectively the most valuable steeplechase and hurdle race in the South of England. Owners have, apparently, approved of the added money this season, as for the nine races which have closed (the *Calendar* not being out at the time of writing), there are 300 entries, against 227 last year.

Professional football is not likely to gain many friends by games such as the Corinthians and West Bromwich Albion. The amateurs were minus the service of H. V. Lodge, whilst the amateur cup ties deprived them of the assistance of the Old Westminsters and Old Charterhouse contingent. Nevertheless, they had not the slightest difficulty in defeating the provincials. They outworked them at almost every point of the game, and

were seldom pressed for more than a minute at a time. I should not care to say that the West Bromwich men did not try, but I am certain that had they been engaged in a League game or a cup tie they would have played vastly different football. The public are becoming heartily disgusted with this sort of performance, and ere long a League Club in London will not draw a gate worthy of the name.

So much has been written concerning the Gould case that readers must begin to quite tire of the subject. Nevertheless, it is well to point out that the Rugby Union are in rather a quandary. The International Board ruled that subscribers to the fund, which has caused all the bother, were professionals. Now I know many prominent English players who contributed to the account. Under the ruling of the International Board they are not eligible to play with or against amateurs any more, and it is, therefore, the duty of the English Union to find them out and pass sentence of banishment. That is, of course, if they adhere to their own rules. But will they?

One of the most enjoyable matches imaginable was that in the Amateur Cup Competition between The Old Westminsters and The Old Carthusians, at Leyton. Played with plenty of vigour and dash, the play was of the fairest description, whilst, despite the keenness of rivalry, the utmost good feeling prevailed. The Carthusians won by three goals to one, but two of the points should certainly have been saved by W. R. Moon, who was certainly not at his best in goal. C. D. Hewitt collided with him just before half-time, and had to quit the field. The famous forward was not very seriously hurt, however, and will be playing, in all probability, this afternoon.

At the Football Association meeting on Monday evening I gathered that the scratch team question and the N. L. Jackson case would be settled in a manner satisfactory to all sportsmen. There has been a mutual desire to smooth over the affair without giving offence, and, as stated in COUNTRY LIFE weeks since, nothing more will be heard of Mr. Jackson's resignation.

The well-earned and decisive victory of the Cantabs in the Inter-University Hockey Match, which was played at Richmond, came as a welcome surprise to the followers of the Light Blues, for it was generally thought that the Oxonians had of late come on to such an extent that they had the match pretty well at their mercy. Hockey cannot be said to be one of the leading sports at either seat of learning, but it is rapidly gaining in popularity; and in the course of the eight years that have sped by since the rival Blues first tried conclusions at the game, never has so much interest been centred in the match as was the case this year; notwithstanding the fact that it was regarded in the light of a foregone conclusion for Oxford who, a day or two previously, had lowered the colours of a strong Northampton team. As it was, however, all the calculations of the prophets were rudely upset, for Cambridge fairly outplayed their rivals, and retired with the honours of a four goals to love victory.

The death of Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale is a sad blow to the committee of the National Field Trials, of which the deceased sportsman was President; and although the entries for the present season's trials closed some time ago, the Shropshire gathering in April will be shorn of much of its interest by the absence of the deceased gentleman. With Mr. W. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, Mr. S. E. Shirley, the chairman of the Kennel Club, and the late Rev. O'Callaghan, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale worked hard to maintain interest in field trials, the only legitimate method of appraising the true value of pointers or setters. Last spring we sent a team over to America, in charge of Brailsford; but only indifferent success was met with, the style of working being widely different to what the English dogs had been accustomed to. Nothing daunted, however, it was Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's intention to send out another team, but this arrangement will now fall through.

The Princess of Wales appears determined to have not only a representative but a varied kennel, for H.R.H. has lately added a Dachshund, a variety popularised in this country by Mr. Harry Jones, of Ipswich, and Mr. Woodiwiss, a son of the great railway contractor of Derby. Some time ago Mr. Woodiwiss, who has a fine place at Upminster, offered H.R.H. a puppy of his breeding, but not long after its arrival at Sandringham it died. This reaching the ears of the breeder, he at once selected another from a litter sired by his champion Pterodactyl, and offered to replace the lost puppy. H.R.H. accepted the youngster, which is now doing well in its new quarters. All who have seen it declare it to be of very high quality, and predict a successful career should the Princess decide to show it.

Mr. A. B. Freeman-Mitford had a sly poke at the motor car the other day. Presiding at the annual meeting of the Shire

Horse Society, he told the story of a man who twelve months ago predicted that both Shire horses and hackneys would soon be extinct. There was a little hope for the hunter, for as yet no motor hunter had been invented. Such a scare had, however, been heard of before, and he was old enough to remember Leech's caricatures of Society lords and ladies taking their pleasure in Rotten Row on steam horses. The present prosperous position of the Shire Horse Society was the best contradiction he could give to the assertion that the horse was played out; for whereas ten years ago they numbered but 1,227 members, they now had close on double that number. It would be found that threatened horses, like threatened men, lived long.

The difficulties that beset Mr. W. F. Hicks-Beach during the last few years he had with the Cotswold have caused Major de Freville, the present Master, to speak his mind, as indeed did his predecessor, when it was too late. At the annual meeting of the Hunt, held in Cheltenham, Major de Freville consented to continue the Mastership, and thanked the fox preservers and occupiers, who did so much to uphold the prestige of the country. The time was, however, near, said the Major, when something would have to be done to stop the great crowds which attended the meets in the Vale. He had counted as many as 400 horsemen at such meets, not more than a hundred of whom were members of the Hunt, the remainder coming from "goodness knows where," and contributing nothing whatever towards the support of the hounds. The Major, who is a true sportsman, might do worse than introduce capping.

In a few days the Cambridge crew will be on the tideway at Putney. Oxford will not make their appearance until a week later, as they spend a few days at Henley as guests of Sir John Edwardes-Moss. Opinions regarding the prospects of the Dark Blue Eight are somewhat divided; for the many chops and changes that have taken place have not tended to bring them together. Individually, the crew are all capable oarsmen. They are a heavy lot, and a strong lot, but, up to the present, a rough lot, going very badly in their training spins. Of course, much can be done in the way of improvement during the four weeks yet to elapse before the race; but the crew has been causing the supporters of the Dark Blues considerable anxiety, and their display on the tideway will be awaited with much interest and some trepidation.

Cambridge, on the other hand, have been in strict training over a fortnight. At present they are better, smarter, and row in better style than their opponents. There is, however, a lack of power at the beginning of the stroke, and room for improvement in the leg work. Putney is beginning to assume its usual spring garb. Each year, before the crews arrive, every hoarding, tree, bush, and available space facing the river is placarded with newspaper advertisements; and, anticipating a busy practice-time, the bill-posters have commenced operations somewhat earlier than usual this year.

HIPPIAS.

WITH THE QUORN.

MONDAY. Widmerpool New Inn drew most of the Quorn followers from Melton, Nottingham, and Loughborough. It was a wide meet for some, and when there the sport shown was indifferent. In the first place the country round is very cold and bare, while in the second there were too many foxes afoot, and, sad to relate, mostly mangy. But it was a wonderful scenting day. After an unusually long wait, a move was made for Roehoe covert, where no less than three foxes broke away. The one chosen was hollowed away at the top side, over the Nottingham turnpike road, as if making for Widmerpool village, but, altering his course, he turned round to the right. The pace then began to get better, and men and horses seemed to be warming to their work, although on that side it simply means galloping, the hedges and ditches being of the very mildest description, there being no oxers or stiff timber to negotiate. Reynard missed Roehoe, and made straight for Owthorpe's Borders. When once safe there, it took very nearly an hour to persuade this wary customer to take to the open; but when he did, he made a slow move, and then not far, as in about four fields he was located in Earl Manvers' Gorse. A fair opening was offered him more than once, but he would have none of it for some time, but suddenly he changed his tactics, and thought if he could once get back to Owthorpe he was sure to be safe. The hounds became divided, but happily not for long, and soon everyone found themselves at that renowned covert, and after bustling him about in the Borders for some fifteen to twenty minutes, hounds got right against him and nailed him.

Kinoulton Gorse was our next draw, and a fox was at home. Hounds opened merrily, and he soon broke covert, and came along at a good pace for Roehoe. He made no stop here, however, but ran straight through. Once more we were taken in the direction of Widmerpool, the fox making round to the right, and landing us again at Owthorpe Borders. But Firr, evidently tired of having no variation in the course, after a little endeavour to oust old sly boots, decided to leave him. So we jogged back to Widmerpool Wood, and another Reynard was there waiting, and in a hurry, moreover, to show us sport. No sooner were hounds in than he came out, and pelted along at a smacking pace over the road through the Park and Hall grounds, He secured a temporary rest in one of the home woods, but, finding his life

not safe, he made a bolt of it, and tried back for his starting point. But he got headed, and ran a nice grass line, with jumps anyone could get over. But after running some little distance the fox was again headed, this time by a shepherd's dog; and, being naturally of a twisty disposition, he took one more round and ran for his life in the direction of Rochoe, and back to the other coverts where we had already spent most of the morning. So we bade him a fond adieu, and moved on to Curates and Parsons, which, to our dismay, did not produce a fox. Down went our spirits to zero, as our hopes had been centred there for our afternoon spin. But no such luck. Past three o'clock, and a three miles jog to Willoughby Gorse before one was not exhilarating. This, especially with the beautiful uncertainty of nothing being found at home when we got there, drove more than half the field home, and fate seemed dead against those who had stuck to it, when the gorse was drawn blank! Ella's Gorse was

now our only hope, so on we went; and as it has not held a fox this season the "game seemed hardly worth the candle."

The covert lies peacefully by a brook, and seems the very spot for a wise old fox to choose. No foot-people were about, and not a sound was to be heard, the perfect stillness being only broken by Furr's voice cheering on his hounds. All at once a shrill "Gone away!" is heard, and the fox is viewed away at the lower end. Away go some thirty horses and their riders in pursuit, pell-mell, over lovely grass enclosures, even fences and a brook, hounds racing on madly for Willoughby. However, they miss that, and turn to the right on to the old fosse, and run without a check till we find ourselves at Old Dalby. Here the gallop ended, for the fox made good his retreat, and we left him with regret, in hopes that he may favour us at some future time with an equally good burst across country.

CHASSEUR.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THERE are still plenty of people alive who can remember what steeple-chasing in the forties was like; but, if only to contrast the present state of the sport with that of half a century or so ago, this article may serve its purpose.

During that period there were nearly sixty jumping meetings held in districts whose names now figure neither in "Ruff" nor "McCall," including fixtures at Harrow, Newport Pagnell, Finchley, Burton Constable, St. Alban's, Beckenham, and Shepherd's Bush. There was chasing in the neighbourhood of far-off Aberdeen, in Kingston Bottom (presumably the "Kingston Vale" of to-day), at Brixworth (in the cream of the Pytchley country), the Isle of Axholme (which might be in the South Pacific for all that is known of it in sporting circles nowadays), at the "Fighting Cocks" (Darlington), and in Hooton Park, under the auspices of Sir William Massey St. uley. In the womb of Time were such suburban meetings as Streatham and Croydon. West Drayton and Eltham were not; nor was the soul of Haxell vexed within him at the proximity of "Warner's Diversions," otherwise known as Kingsbury and Hendon Steeplechases. Whilst as for the "drawing-room meetings" of to-day, Sandown Park had not been dreamt of in connection with a Royal stand and "6 to 4 on the field," even in the wildest visions of the most enthusiastic of company promoters. The king grazed peacefully in Kempton Park, and chewed the cud, recking not of future "Jubilee" handicaps, or of a "straight mile," as straight as the historic street in Damascus; and as for Hurst Park—well it was known as "Appy Ampton," and furnished an annual carnival, not to say pandemonium, for the smoke-dried cockney.

Although 'tis highly probable that those who assisted at cross-country reunions in the "forties" had more fun (or sport) than their more decorous, and certainly more sober, descendants, there was, naturally enough, not so much money to be run for. The most valuable stake during the season '46-'47—not counting the Grand Chase at Paris, won by Lord Strathmore's St. Leger—was the Grand Handicap at Liverpool, won by Mr. Courtney's Matthew, by Vestris, ridden by Wynne, beating St. Leger, Jerry, and twenty-five others. Amongst other prizes, during the same season, were fourteen sovs. at Henley-in-Arden, twelve sovs. at Hayes, and a gold snuff-box, won by Mr. Callam's Pike, at Birmingham. The Grand Handicap at Liverpool, alluded to above, did not become "The Grand National Steeplechase" until '49, the year that Peter Simple won. It was then:

"A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only five if declared, with 100 added. Four miles."

In this year ('49) there were twenty-four runners, and the first three were:

Mr. Mason, jun. ns. b. g. Peter Simple (h. b.), by Patron, aged, 11st. (including 6lb. extra) Cunningham 1
Captain D'Arcy's ch. g. The Knight of Gwynne, aged, 10st. 7lb.

Owner 2
Mr. T. Mason's b. g. Prince George, aged, 10st. 10lb. Oliver 3

The winner had only the previous week cantered in first for a big chase at Wakefield, yet started at Liverpool at 20 to 1. And the description of the race seems to establish a "record" for casualties.

"Peter Simple made all the running, followed in the early part of the chase by Napoleon and Equinox. Killane fell at the fourth fence, and broke his thigh; Sparta fell at the same place, and went no further. Equinox, Ballybar, Jerry, Chatham, Coriander, Wolverhampton, The Curate, The Victim, and the Arab Robber fell, Equinox and The Curate breaking their backs; Proceed, Jerry, and The Iron Duke refused."

Allowing for the difference in the strength of the respective "fields,"

there was not much more damage done to horseflesh in the "Charge of the Six Hundred," five years later.

The veteran whose memory can carry him back to the forties would probably declare that nothing in connection with the sport of kings has changed as much as the system of wagering. In the old days there was no "Babel of the Ring"; and bookmakers, for the most part, kept their mouths closed until accosted by some would-be backer. The first to break the conspiracy of silence was the late Mr. Pedley, the owner of Cossack, who first shouted the odds, whilst standing against a disused pump, on Newmarket Heath.

And the steeplechase jockeys of half a century ago! Here is a list of the principals:—Alan McDonogh and his brother William, Captain William Peel, Mr. Horatio Nelson Powell (a Cheltenham solicitor), Lord Strathmore (commonly known as "Ben"), "Jem" Mason, Captain Broadley, Mr. Charles Beville, William Archer (father of Fred), Captain "Josey" Little, Captain C. C. Brooke (at one time riding master to the 9th Lancers, and subsequently to the R. M. C., Sandhurst), William Saunders (afterwards trainer to the late Mr. William Palmer, of Rugeley), and Mr. "Fog" Rowlands. Then there were William Holman (father of George), J. Holman, Ben Land, R. Barker, W. Lamplugh, W. Scott, Frisby, and Charles Boyce. A pretty "warm" list, this; and although comparisons are "odorous," it must be confessed that cross-country riding talent is hardly as plentiful at the end of the century.

Undoubtedly one of the most distinguished chasers of fifty years ago was the brown horse Chandler, the record of whose "record" jump is always kept in stereotype in every sporting newspaper office. Chandler was purchased from a small tradesman by the late Mr. Robert Garnett, of Moor Hall, near Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, who maintained until the hour of his death that the horse was *never* in harness whilst in his possession; although Captain Peel, into whose ownership Chandler subsequently passed, stated in print that Mr. Garnett frequently drove the horse "in his gig." This error of memory has been repeated *ad nauseum* ever since. In addition to the big steeplechase at Aintree, in '48, when ridden by his part-owner, Captain Little, and beating a field of 28, Chandler won some seven or eight chases, of more-or-less value, all over the Kingdom. And we cannot do better than conclude this article with the description of the contest in which the "sensation jump" occurred, said description being taken from *Corbet's Steeplechase Calendar*. It was the editor of this work, by the way, who drew up the rules of steeplechasing upon which are founded the regulations of the National Hunt Committee to-day.

22nd March, 1847.

THE LEAMINGTON HUNT CUP, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 50 sovs. added, for horses *bona fide* the property of gentlemen, members or honorary members of the Leamington Hunt Club, or officers in the army on full pay, and ridden by the same. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs.; penalties and allowances; 10 sovs. deducted for expenses. Three miles.

Mr. Ouseley Higgins's br. h. Chandler, 11st. 7lb. Capt. Broadley 1
Mr. Montgomery's King of the Valley, 12st. 3lb.

Mr. H. Johnstone 2
Mr. Pyett's Rosebud, 11st. 7lb. - - - Owner 0
Mr. H. De Rhodes's Regalia, 11st. 1lb. - - - Capt. Little 0
Mr. Ouseley Higgins's Warrenner, 11st. - - - Capt. Cooper 0

2 to 1 agst King of the Valley, and 2 to 1 agst Regalia. Won very easily. Regalia led to the brook, into which all went but Chandler, who thus obtained a great lead, nothing but King of the Valley ever getting near him again. E. S.

A GOOD TIME IN THE NORTH.

IMMEDIATELY after a long frost one seldom has much sport. The plough "carries" to such an extent that scent is very much affected thereby, and of this fact the foxes seem to be fully aware. But this year there has been little difficulty on that score, and four good days out of six, as we had in the first week after the frost went, is by no means a bad record, even in the best of times. The deep going—and it has been deep, the plough being of a "mealy" nature—has caused much trouble amongst horses, and lame horses frequently—and overworked ones occasionally—have been heard of. But hounds kept running on merrily, and as for the mishaps I have alluded to, they were but the "fortune of war."

The good sport under such circumstances being so exceptional, I cannot do better than give a short *resumé* of it, beginning with the Tuesday after the first broke, when the York and Ainsty

met at Naburn. Their first fox was found in Moreby Wood, and scent was certainly indifferent from the first; and after hunting at little better than a foot pace by Stillingfleet and Kelfield to Heron Wood, they lost him. Even worse was scent with the next fox, which was found in the Holly Carrs, and which was really only run over a few fields, though hounds kept touching on his line occasionally for some time. But there was to be a good run at last, and, curiously enough, most of it was over plough. Finding in Wheldrake Wood, they ran hard by Gipsy Corner to Grimston Wood.

Here they turned short back, and passing Gipsy Corner again they ran sharply nearly to Brinksworth, and then, with a sharp turn, they ran through Dunnington Hagg, and killed their fox in Lord Middleton's country, midway between the covert and Scoreby Wood. It was a very merry gallop of an hour, and

hunting may be said to have re-opened auspiciously. Then on the Wednesday Lord Middleton's had a clipper from Bossall Wood to Suet Carr, in the York and Ainsty country; but I have heard no particulars, and on that day I cast in my lot with the Oxenholm Staghounds. We were looking for an outlying hind, and found her; but she had such an especial affection for the estuary of the Kent that sport was only moderate, and calls for no detailed description here. On Thursday the York and Ainsty had a red letter day. "Oceans of grass," every variety of fence, and galloping and jumping enough to satisfy the veriest glutton. The fixture was Ripley Castle, and we were soon at work, for they found in Holly Bank Wood and rattled along at a rare pace, pointing for Three Eights, and then with a left-handed swing into Clint. Over the railway and across the Nidd at Hampsthwaite, and then came a left-hand turn again, and they ran parallel to the river. Grass fields and stone walls, with here and there a wide drain with a thorn hedge at one or other side of it, an ideal country in fact, such was the line hounds were crossing. Falls were plentiful—four gallant sportsmen rode at a wall in line, and the result was four imperial croppers, and four more or less damaged hats. After running twenty minutes, scent failed a little, but still hounds chirped away merrily, and marked the fox to ground on the banks of the Nidd half an hour after finding him.

After trying a covert or two blank, they found again in Cayton Gill, a stout hill fox, who could not have chosen a better line. At a capital pace they ran him over a charming country by Kettle Spring, and across the valley by Bishop Thornton to Lawler Wood. Here they made a turn at an acute angle, and ran over the line of the point to point race of the First Royals some three years ago, only they ran the reverse way of it. Burnt Gates was in front of us, hounds were carrying a rare head, and the good men and true of the York and Ainsty were on the ride, you may be sure. Just past Burnt Gates there was

a check, and though hounds were at work again immediately, I do not think they ever ran quite so fast. By Shaw Mill and Kettle Spring they ran, and then into Cayton Gill again, and there at the end of an hour and ten minutes they lost him. We enjoyed ourselves during that hour and ten minutes, and I may say that I only crossed the end of one ploughed field in the run. More power to the fox, and "his sisters, and his cousins, and aunts," say I, and may they lead us many such a dance in the not

THE ESSEX HOUNDS.



Photo. by Charles Hussey.

THE MASTER WITH THE PACK

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very distant future. A real, good, old-fashioned Bramham Moor Friday, a Friday to make the heart throb a little quicker even when talking of its incidents, such was the luck of those who met the Bramham Moor at Wighill village on this day. Passing over the few coverts drawn blank, I will proceed to the run. They found in Collier Hagg, from which I have seen many a brilliant gallop, and ran hard over a big country to Hutton Hall. Then, turning to the left, they ran over Marston Hill. And oh! the plough. Field after field of plough of the deepest; strong fences and big drains, and in front hounds running in that relentless fashion which is the manner of the Bramham when close on the fox. Gallant knights and gentle dames alike came to grief, for the Ainsty fences and the Ainsty drains are no respecters of persons, and every field had its loose horse or horses. Then, by Healaugh and the Hell Hole, and by Catterton drain over the Bilbrough road, and then came the welcome check. They were soon going again, leaving Bilbrough on the left, and crossing the Tadcaster road below Bilbrough Whin, they rattled along by Pickering Wood and Steeton Whin to the main earth at Steeton, where they marked the fox to ground, at the end of a brilliant fifty minutes.

On Saturday I went with the merry harriers, the Rochdale being the pack selected. And I had some fun, too, though I cannot give an account of where we went



Photo. by Charles Hussey.

ON BLACKMORE GREEN.

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so I must content myself with a brief reference to what we did. The fixture was the War Office, and a more unpromising morning I never was out on. The fog (a wet one) could have been cut with a knife, and one could scarcely see over the road. Hunting with fox-hounds would have been impossible—even with harriers it was risky. But we risked it, and had our reward. For two or three hours we were hunting the hounds, for it was impossible to see anything, and scent was so bad that they could not run long at a time. But in the afternoon the fog lifted, and the fun began; and it was fun, for the little hounds rattled away at a rare pace, over grass all the way; the walls were big and plentiful, and everyone was on the ride. And so we went on, one hare souging, and at last, after a real good gallop, we had to stop hounds in the dark at twenty-five minutes to six.

The following Monday, found the York and Ainsty at Sutton Hall. Early in the morning we did not do much, but the afternoon fox gave us a capital run. Finding him in Huby Burn they ran at a great pace to Hawk Hills and through the Far Old Wood, when a check of some five minutes took place. Hitting off the line again they ran on quite fast enough for anyone, pointing for Crayke. Turning to the right, about a mile



TWO WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE ESSEX HUNT

from the village, they ran in the direction of Stillington, and then, bearing to the left, ran through North Skeugh Whin. Here the fox made a curious turn, and ran back parallel to the old line for some distance, and finally they lost him, after a very sporting gallop of forty-five minutes.

RED ROVER.

THE CHRISTCHURCH BEAGLES.



Photo. by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

THE MASTER AND WHIPS WITH THE PACK.

Copyright.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

GLORIOUS as had been the promises from the clerk of the weather as to the meteorological conditions likely to prevail at the Waterloo Cup meeting at Altcar, it was tantalising in the extreme to find on the morning of the opening day that the sun's face was enveloped in a dark and misty veil. But, fortunately for the very large number of sportsmen who attended—far larger, by the way, than the executive anticipated—the Solar beams had too much power, and half an hour after the advertised starting time the mist cleared off sufficiently to permit the commencement of operations; and, although the mist put in an appearance again before the first course was decided, the sun tackled it in dead earnest, routed the disagreeable visitor, and drove it—"horse, foot, and artillery"—off the field. Then followed a gloriously bright and thoroughly enjoyable spring day.

The first fifteen courses were decided on the flat, under Hill House Wood, the balance of the day's sport being confined to the Withins.

Backers had certainly a bad time, as one after another the favourites went down in the first round, many of them with long odds on. Amongst those which caused disaster to the plunging fraternity Monkey Moke and Bedford Cottage gave the first hint of what was to follow, being beaten easily with 5 to 4 on in each case. Royston (9 to 2 on) and Rouge Croix, at the same price, both succumbed to their less fancied rivals; then White Hawk (5 to 2 on), Good Wish (5 to 4 on), Hebron Hill (6 to 4 on), Word of Welcome (2 to 1 on), Absconded (5 to 4 on), Weatherwise (2 to 1 on), Generalissimo (9 to 4 on), Ban-Al (6 to 4 on), Donald Glen (6 to 4 on), Wishful II. (6 to 4 on), Abbey View (5 to 4 on) took up the tale of disaster which, so far as the first round was concerned, only finished with the last course, when Neasden II. beat Word of Honour (7 to 4 on). In the second round the luck of backers was a little, but not much, better, as the following favourites were beaten: Under the Globe (2 to 1 on), Maluma (5 to 4 on), Dick Major (2 to 1 on), Hartley (5 to 4 on), Burslem (11 to 10 on), Student (6 to 4 on), Guiding Star (6 to 5 on); truly a formidable list for one day's sport. In the second round Fabulous Fortune was drawn against Pontarlier, but the owner of the latter, Mr. Pilkington, decided, like the good sportsman he is, to withdraw him, as the first course, in which he so cleverly and decidedly beat Weatherwise, had been found too much for him. The dog was not quite fit,

THE WINNERS OF THE CUP AND PLATE.



Photo. by Donnelly,

GALLANT AND UNDER THE GLOBE.

Southport.

having only quite recently been in the hands of the vet. Laurel Leaves showed unexpectedly good form, winning decisively against the more fancied Guiding Star.

On the second day, in spite of the less favourable weather, there was another very large attendance at the Lydiat Ground, to witness the third and fourth rounds of the Cup. Backers had evidently learned caution from the experience of Wednesday, and managed to hit the mark more skilfully; but Hurroo (11 to 8 on) and Faber Fortunae (9 to 4 on) deceived their supporters, and in each case the odds were upset. The issue was now narrowed, but still remained very open, many competent judges fully expecting that Fabulous Fortune would repeat his victory of last year; while the ultimate winner, Gallant, won all his courses in such decisive fashion, "improving every time," as a well-known authority on the sport remarked, that he made many friends. Guess It made a brilliant display, but was beaten by Fabulous Fortune, who was both faster and cleverer than the bitch; but so good an opinion had been formed of her previous performances, that 2 to 1 was the best odds obtainable on her crack rival. The first rounds of the Purse and Plate call for no special notice; Barton, Terrible, Happy Sight, in the Purse, and Student in the Plate, shewing the most noticeable form. The weather broke up in the afternoon, but too late to do any material damage, as most of the vast crowd were well on their way home before the rain fell.

The third day of the meeting was distinctly successful from every point of view.

Jupiter Pluvius threatened, but altered his mind; and the black-robed Nimbi moved off, to the relief of those whose appetites for sport, whetted by the successes of the two previous days, anticipated an exciting and satisfactory termination to a pleasant meeting.

To be hypercritical, on the

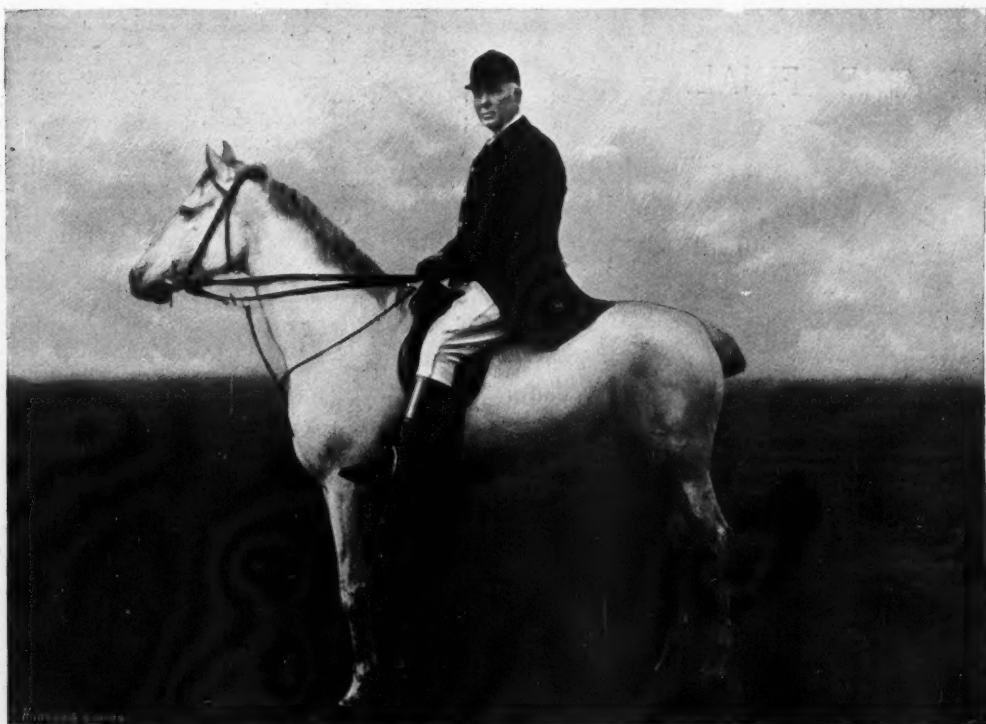


Photo. by Donnelly,

MR. HEDLEY, THE JUDGE.

Southport.

whole, perhaps, the sport furnished on the concluding day was not quite up to that of its predecessors, but no fault can reasonably be found with it. In the fifth round Five by Tricks got the better of the favourite, Fabulous Fortune, and upset the odds of 7 to 4 laid on last year's winner. Black Veil was beaten by Gallant, who showed no deterioration from the splendid form previously exhibited, and won very cleverly from the bitch, who was outclassed at all points, and quite failed to displace the winner, whose performance finished with a very smart kill.

It was about 12.30 when Gallant and Five by Tricks were taken to the slips, but some delay occurred, as several hares which passed the slipper were out of reach, and it was not until nearly one o'clock that the two were despatched on the errand on which so much depended. Five by Tricks was favourite, 6 to 4 being laid on him at the start, and, indeed, he looked like winning at first; but, after a few strides, Gallant improved his pace, cleared the drain faultlessly, and was two lengths in front as he approached his hare. The game effort Five by Tricks made at this point was useless, as Gallant swept round splendidly, as his hare broke to the left, used her strongly twice more, and finished by a stylish kill. The win was decisive, but hardly up to Waterloo Cup final course form.

The winner, whose portrait is here reproduced, is a brindled dog, by Young Fullerton—Sally Milburn. Though running in the nomination of Mr. T. P. Hale, Gallant is the property of Mr. T. Holmes, of Jarrow. Bred by Mr. Thomas Graham, of Corby, Cumberland, Gallant was sold as a puppy to his present owner, and took part in the Waterloo Cup of 1895, won by Thoughtless Beauty, who defeated Gallant in the semi-finals after a closely contested course. We believe that Mr. Holmes subsequently received, but declined, an offer of £400 for the son of Sally Milburn, who figured amongst the "64" that contested last year's Waterloo Cup. On that occasion he was beaten in the second round by the runner-up, Wolfhill, and in the final for the Plate by Reception. His Netherby Cup running last October was indifferent in the extreme, both Fortune's Favourite and Wintry Weather making a rare example of him, and he was forthwith sent to Corby to be trained under the superintendence of Mr. T. Graham, his breeder. Having divided a couple of small stakes at Kirk Oswald and Barnard Castle, Gallant was put into training for the Waterloo Cup, with the happiest result. Gallant was one of the best supported greyhounds on the night of the draw, when he stood at 50 to 1, and wagers amounting in the aggregate to 8,000 to 160 went into one quarter. The victory of the winner was a bad one for "fielders" generally. Gallant was accompanied from Corby by Under the Globe, the property of Mr. T. Graham, and in the nomination of Mr. R. V. Mather the latter carried off the Waterloo Plate.

The runner-up is a fawn dog, by Freshman—Full Hand; his owner is Mr. H. Hardy. Our illustration shows him being rubbed down after the semi-final course with Fabulous Fortune, previous to his encounter with Gallant.

In the second round of the Plate Sunnysdale and Student had a rare fine course, and at one time it looked very much in

THE WINNER OF THE PURSE.



Photo. by Donnelly

HAPPY SIGHT.

Southport.

favour of Student; but Sunnysdale, by a gallant effort, turned the tables on his adversary, and won in rare style. Laurel Leaves, too, distinguished herself; indeed all the trials in this round were satisfactory.

The third round of the Plate was distinguished by a very fine struggle between Under the Globe and Dick Major; but the black finished an easy winner. Laurel Leaves, too, beat Sunnysdale in the most decisive style; but in the deciding course had to succumb to Under the Globe, who won somewhat easily.

The winner of the Plate, Mr. R. V. Mather's black dog Under the Globe, is by Mullingar—Sea Serpent. His portrait is here reproduced.

The third round of the Purse calls for little remark; Bollinger, Happy Sight, Gauze, and Word of Honour winning their respective trials. In the fourth round Happy Sight won easily from Bollinger; and Gauze, allowing very little to Word of Honour, beat him eventually in fine style.

In the deciding course Gauze never had a chance, Happy Sight winning without difficulty. Mr. M. G. Hale's black dog puppy Happy Sight, is by Happy Gazer—Teutonic. We here present his portrait, with those of the winners of the other Waterloo events.

The committee deserve all credit for the success that attended this meeting, and they must have been pleased to find that their efforts met with so much appreciation on all hands.

Mr. Hedley, of course, was all that could be desired, and it is with much pleasure that we reproduce his portrait, which cannot fail to be of interest to all coursing men. Bootiman, too, was "all there," as usual, and should not be forgotten.

BEFORE THE FINAL.



Photo. by Donnelly,

SPONGING FIVE BY TRICKS.

Southport.



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A WINTER SCENE.

Photo. by Frith and Co., Reigate.

ROOKS AND ROOKERIES.

IN these days of awakening spring the country gentleman, who avoids the drive and walks to the high road from his house by the short cut through the rookery, is on the watch, for the rooks are busy, and although they cry "gardy-loo" in hoarse warning from on high, accidents are liable to happen, as they were when the housewives of Edinburgh made the streets ring with that caution from an upper window. The rooks, lustiest birds in the world, and most regardless of seasons, are bethinking themselves of their duty to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. For months past little has been seen of them near the rookery, save in the early morning and in the late evening. In great flocks sometimes, at other times in small parties, they have gathered their food far and near, and on occasion a solitary privateer in black plumage has been seen seeking his fortune alone.

How far these flocks and companies travel no man knows; for who shall tell to what colony this or that rook belongs, unless he shall have seen him start from it, and is not one rook the same as another when he is away from home? But surely he always sleeps at home! at any rate the writer has never, as he sought to shoot the unwary woodpigeon as the shadows of a windy night fell, or to thin the hawk—you may know them by the position in which they roost—on a moonlight night, fallen upon a rook away from a rookery. Nor, since men do not lie so much concerning the habits of birds as about their own prowess in destroying them, have we met any man who asserted that he had met any respectable rook in so equivocal a position. The fact is that the rook, from his earliest days, is acutely and solemnly conscious of the responsibilities of his position, and of the duties which he must perform unless the scheme of creation is to go hopelessly to pieces. There are but two kinds of him; and it is their duty to supply the whole of the ancient world with a succession of rooks. Of Yankee rooks the naturalists make no mention; if there were any, they would doubtless differ in character and guile from those of the old world. But there is the European rook, who reigns over all Europe and over Asia, from which continent Europa came, as far as the central parts, where he meets the Chinese rook, endowed probably with all the qualities of the Mongol, who is contented with Eastern Siberia, China, and Japan for his domain. Now there must be rooks; rooks to make scare-crows, rooks to kill wire-worm, rooks to be mistaken for carrion crows and killed at random, young rooks perched on the swaying beech boughs for the small-bore rifle in the spring, young rooks for the tenantry to slaughter with much thunder of black powder from the heavy-laden muzzle-loader. Moreover, the region to be filled with rooks is very extensive; and so to be a rook is to occupy a responsible position.

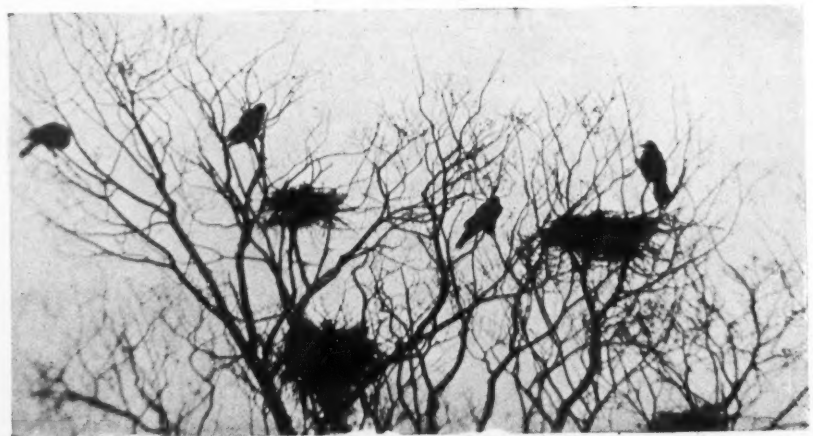
No bird living is more adventurous in his wanderings than the rook; none is more devotedly attached to his home. Like the dweller on the Celtic coasts, who goes out to sea, he will travel countless leagues, but his native grove is ever in his mind and in his heart. He returns to it year after year and, with his swarthy mate, rears his dusky race in the same old nest, furbished up for the occasion. And with him comes his grey-headed friend the jackdaw, whose sharp "yaup" may be heard mingled with the hoarse chorus of the rooks. The jackdaw will nest in all sorts of places, even in the west front of Peterborough Cathedral; but, *extero credits*, there is no home he loves more dearly than a species of basement under the great black rook's nest; and this deponent firmly believes that the same pair of jackdaws hang on to the same pair of rooks, in the same nest, every year, till death them does part. Be that as it may, it follows from the tenacity with which the rook clings to his home that he



SUBSTANTIAL RESIDENCES.



ON GUARD.



UP EARLY.

still continues to nest in places which seem hardly appropriate to his wild disposition. In several places within the metropolitan area, for example, young rooks are reared every year. One may see the rooks in Chelsea every morning flying to

and from their home, doubtless of many centuries. Nor are these rooks, as the woodpigeons in St. James's Park, obese, overgrown and dingy birds, with all the wild character smoked out of them; they are undegenerate examples of the robust bird who flourishes from Central Asia to Land's End.

From the same tenacity of home it follows that to establish a rookery in a new grove is an exceedingly difficult



ON THE LOOK OUT.

business, and that to possess a rookery is to own a mark of old-seated respectability. "Well authenticated instances," to quote the books from memory, "are recorded in which nests of young birds have, with the branches supporting them, been transported and lashed to distant trees, and the parents have come and fed them; and so, in course of years, a new rookery has been established." But our experience is to the contrary. A rookery, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*. Rooks will nest, and the colonies of rooks will gather, where they choose, not where man chooses. They will nest in tall trees, in ludicrously accessible elm-oaks—there is such a rookery at Cefn Amwlch, in Carnarvonshire—in all sorts of apparently foolish places; but a new man can no more easily introduce a rookery on to his new estate than he can instil blue blood into his veins.

There is a well-known rookery at Eton College, where a very large colony of rooks has from time immemorial occupied the tops of the great elm trees in the playing fields. Goodness knows how many years they have been there; but those—and there are many such—who have lived their lives as boy and man in Eton, and are now old men, will tell you that ever since they were taken through the playing fields as children they have seen the tree tops in the early Spring alive with the industrious nest builders.

That rooks have a social order of their own, that they possess a criminal law, due to traditional instinct, which is enforced with Draconian severity, is certain. The corpses of miscreant rooks, which have been hanged by the neck till they were dead from the fork of a pliant bough, are certain evidence of that. What crimes are capital is another matter. Some hold that the offence for which strangulation—prolonged by the



UP TO ANYTHING.

support of fluttering wings be it noted—is inflicted, is wrongful appropriation of nests. That may be so; but it is just as likely that the crime may be the eating of other rooks' eggs; for the rook, as befits a cosmopolitan bird, is omnivorous, and "when hard pressed" (which means whenever it is convenient) will harry the nests of other birds; and rooks' eggs are not bad eating, again *experto credite*. Or the offence may be bigamy, or the punishment may be inflicted by the Corvine divorce court. For the truth is that the social order of the rooks exists, but it is a mystery.

Men see great congregations of rooks, all cawing and never feeding, on a bare field. They see black squadrons flying in from east and west and south and north clearly from great distances.

The field is black with the assembled battalions, but no man can tell who had authority to summon the meeting, by what means the writ was issued, whether the gathering represents a thanksgiving or a Communion service, a parliament, or a philharmonic society. We can tell no more than that it is gathered together of set purpose to some special end, which may not be revealed to us until some wise and, be it hoped, truthful man discovers the language of the rook. So this obscure bird, in more senses than one, has many friends; and, on the whole, not many enemies. There is a hecatomb in spring, of course, and the farmers kill some, not without justification, for the rook eats wireworms, but he does not live on wireworms alone. A few are killed, by mistake, instead of carrion crows, for the keeper cannot distinguish the bare bill and the colour of the bases of the feathers when the bird is high in air.

Again, a solitary rook makes an admirable quarry for the falconer; but the falconers are not many in the land. Above all things, the rook is not toothsome, save when he is a mere rookling, and not very toothsome even then. Hence comes it that "the many-wintered crow" will "lead the clanging rookery home" for many a long year to come.

COUNTRY HOMES: PAIN'S HILL—I.

THE heaths, woods, and broken lands of Surrey lend themselves in most pleasing manner to the landscape gardener's art. To this source it is probable that we owe the first breaking away from the formal style of laying out gardens which had held sway, with varying methods, for some two hundred years. There was a reaction towards naturalness, which was, perhaps, first manifested in Surrey. Pain's Hill, near Cobham, with Oatlands, Esher, and Claremont, was a landmark in this change of taste. It was created about the year 1770, by the intelligent care, the artistic mind, and the opulent hand of the Hon. Charles Hamilton, youngest son of the sixth Earl of Abercorn, a gentleman the evidence of whose enthusiasm, love of nature, and discriminating judgment may be seen at this day in the noble domain of Pain's Hill, now the seat of Mr. Alexander Cushny. Mr. Hamilton's house, save a fragment, has gone; but his next

successor in the estate, Mr. Benjamin Bond Hopkins, erected, on a closely adjacent site, the present mansion.

The park and grounds, however, which Mr. Hamilton made, "the really fine place out of a most cursed hill," to use the words of Walpole, remain as he left them, save that they bear the evidence of the sustained care of successive owners. The position chosen for the house would seem scarcely to have been so good as that of the existing mansion, which commands a noble sweep of the great park, the lake, and the groups of fine trees which are a chief distinction of the place.

Mr. Hamilton may be said with truth, as was said of another great landscape gardener, to have worked with the invisible hand of art in the true spirit of nature. The Mole, at the place he chose, flows at the base of a gentle hill round which it sweeps, but he wished to create a winding lake at a higher level, to be half



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PAIN'S HILL.

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revealed and half hidden by umbrageous belts of trees. Accordingly, he conceived an ingenious plan of so harnessing the river that it should itself be the instrument of raising its waters. A wheel was built for the purpose, which is now replaced by one constructed by Bramah, and none would have suspected then, any more than now, the invisible agency by means of which they were charmed. Full advantage was taken of the natural disposition of the ground, and the lake was made the gem of a surprisingly beautiful landscape.

Long observation and experience of like work abroad had taught Mr. Hamilton much, and he became a most judicious planter. Very few places can boast so varied a collection of trees as Pain's Hill. These are grouped, singly and in clumps, with most excellent effects, bright green slopes being broken up by dark, shadowy masses, and many a vantage point being left for viewing the blue hills beyond. Colossal oaks in sturdy strength lift their huge branches, and spread them afar, casting below their cool and glorious shade. Mighty cedars, among the finest in England, rear their sombre trunks and cast out their dark leafage in horizontal lines, to be gladdened into golden green at the early touch of spring. Great elms rise up in majestic groups; beeches lend their glorious hue; ash and chestnut are there to grace the scene; vast thickets of many varied pines throw down their solemn shade amid their columnar trunks, flecking them here and there with light, and breaking their tints into the loveliest colouring. It is the chosen home of birds, which make melody all around; pheasants rise on rapid wing from the coverts; rabbits and moles make holiday; and

squirrels are busy among the branches of the trees. One huge oak in the park is 28ft. 6in. in girth; a neighbour is 15ft. 4in.; another, by the weir in the Mole, has a circumference of 21ft. The cedars are even more remarkable: those on the lawn near the house range in girth between 18ft. and 21ft. 6in., while one colossal specimen reaches the huge circumference of 25ft. 4in. These are individual trees, but the park is dotted over with others scarcely less imposing. Space does not permit the description of the many rare growths that are to be seen at Pain's Hill, but a splendid cork-tree may be alluded to. Very rich, too, are the hanging woods on the hill, and the masses that overshadow the lake and the river. The rose-garden near the house is equally delightful.

An account of Mr. Hamilton's work, even brief as this is, would not be complete without allusion to some special features which he created. One of these is a grotto by the lake, the evidence of a by-gone taste, like the more famous grotto of Pope beneath the Twickenham road. That at Pain's Hill still retains the evidences of its prime, to bespeak the fancies and conceits of a former day. Here, too, is the Temple of Bacchus, with tasteful sculptures and an ornamental ceiling. Thence it is but a short way to the Gothic tower, which is a picturesque structure of great height, commanding a superb view, though the trees have grown up high about it. The ruined hermitage the Roman mausoleum, and the Gothic temple remain also to breathe the spirit of an artificial age, through the bonds of which their creator himself was breaking.

One of the great features of the place in Mr. Hamilton's time was a very extensive vineyard, upon the completeness and excellence of which the owner of Pain's Hill prided himself to no small extent. Existent records show that it was worked with great thoroughness, and afforded one of the few successful instances of wine-making in this country.

At first he began with red wine, with moderate success; but afterwards, turning to the white kind, he was amazed to find his vintage "finer than the best champagne." "The first running was as clear as spirits; the second as *ail deperdrix*; and both of them sparkled and creamed in the glass like champagne."

His friends "thought it superior to any champagne they ever drank." Judicious Mr. Hamilton did not reveal his vintage until his friends had expressed their opinion.

Once he sold five hundred pounds' worth to a well-known dealer, who sold it again at from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. a bottle. The vineyard has gone; but the noble sweeps of park-land, the beautiful trees, and varied shrubberies, the gay *parterres*, the lakes, and the glorious landscape remain.

To speak of some special points, and of the later history of the place, must be reserved for another article.



THE CEDARS.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch,

WATER WHEEL ON THE RIVER MOLE.

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"HAVE you noticed that in some of the books descriptive of golf links the course of Hoylake is mentioned as having the best putting greens in the world? Now, my own experience is that the greens of Hoylake, at present, at all events, leave much to be desired."

"Quite true," the colonel answered. "They left pretty nearly everything to be desired the last time I was there, which was at the amateur championship, in 1894; but also the book man is right in saying that they used to be, without exception, the best. Afraid to put a nailed boot down on them, by Jove, you were. I remember poor little Jamie Anderson coming on them, and lifting his feet like a cat on hot bricks for fear of spoiling them—that was when he was playing his big match with Jamie Allan."

"Which won?" young Bob asked, eagerly.

"Jamie Anderson won by a few holes out of a hundred and forty-four, played over four greens—St. Andrews, Prestwick, Hoylake, and Westward Ho! There were fewer golfers then, and far fewer professional matches. This one had an international character, for, though Jamie Allan was as thoroughbred Scotch really as Jamie Anderson himself, he had learnt all his golf at Westward Ho! and was quite identified with Westward Ho! He had just beaten Bob Kirk in a similar match, but Bob had been quite off his fame; the Scotsmen were dissatisfied, and got up this second match, with Jamie Anderson as their champion; and he retrieved the national honour."

"And went like Agag over the Hoylake putting green?"

"Going delicately—yes."

"I have been informed, my dear sir," said the professor, "that the cause of the deterioration of the Hoylake greens is the abstraction of the natural moisture from the course by the building of the West Kirby Waterworks. Does that explanation appear to you satisfactory?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," growled the colonel, suspicious of the professor's search for knowledge. "More likely it was all the whisky and water drunk at the Royal Hotel."

"It is rather my opinion, my dear sir," the professor went on, finding that no one else would venture to hazard one, "that a putting green has a certain natural span of life. The life history of our putting greens, as I conceive, is somewhat as follows. We find them in the rough, with bent and coarse grass and all sorts of abomination about them; by a process of loving care and much trampling of the human foot we work them down into a certain degree of excellence, in many cases reaching the high standard of beauty attained by those Hoylake greens at the date you mention; that is the date of the putting green's prime of life. But from that date onward, is it not true that the putting green inclines to lose its excellence? Its grass loses its close-growing vigour, and becomes coarser and patchy. Small pits appear on the face of the green, as though it were afflicted by the small-pox. It falls, in fact, into the condition commonly called root-bound."

"That's it, Flegg, 'root-bound,'" the colonel asserted; "ought to be prized up by a three-pronged fork to let in the rain and air."

"And the more it is walked and played on after it has fallen into that state the worse it grows," said the Professor, waxing quite pathetic over this senility. "Up to the time of its prime there is no influence so good for it as the human foot, but after passing the climacteric" ("Is that a bunker?" young Bob

interpolated, in a discourteous aside that passed unnoticed) "every tread upon it only packs its roots more hopelessly and hastens its dissolution."

"Really, Mr. Flegg," Bob protested, "you will make us cry if you are not careful. Poor green! But you should not be so eloquent, really."

"But," said the professor, changing his elegiac tone for one of hope, and smiling in recognition of the rôle he was playing. "But a chance of life remains for it. We may pour upon it liberally the elixir of life, and with that wonderful medicament, and a little rest, we may see its life revived as vigorously as ever."

"I don't understand what the deuce you are talking about, Flegg," said Colonel Burscough, testily. "I very often don't. What the deuce do you mean by the elixir of life?"



"I mean, my dear sir, a fluid of the formula of H_2O , which is really the elixir of life to putting greens, and to all turf that is much trodden. In common parlance it is called 'water.'"

"But it's just water that's gone from the Hoylake greens."

"Then let it be replaced by means of Artesian wells."

"But I have heard it said that it is bad to take the water from below and put it on the surface, where the sun evaporates it," the colonel said.

"Bad for what, I would ask, my dear sir?" the professor replied, with his exasperating Socratic irony.

"Oh, hang it all, Flegg, bad—bad, I suppose, for everything."

"It is the turf—the grass—that we are considering for the moment," the professor reminded us. "This water, we will say, is drawn up by the Artesian wells from a depth of perhaps ten, twelve, twenty feet—it makes no matter—call it six feet only, if you please. Of what use, I would ask you, to grass whose roots go down but a few inches into the soil is water lying at a depth of six feet? Is it not better, even at the risk

of a little of it evaporating, to bring it up and spread it over the surface where the grass may drink it in both through blades and roots?"

"Of course, of course, Flegg, that is right," said the colonel, heartily. "It's so plain and simple that goodness only knows what you wanted to make all this great palaver about elixirs of life and the rest of it for. Why, look, for a living instance, at the greens of St. Andrews—the old course I mean, it goes without saying. There, fifteen years ago, some of the old greens were horrid—horrid; there's no other word, except bad words, to describe them. Look at them now—all in consequence of the sinking of the wells—beautiful, beautiful. The heathery-hole green and the end-hole green both looked as

if they were dead gone 'coons—finished. The water had brought them to life again. They are lovely greens."

"The elixir of life, my dear sir," said the professor, with gentle persistence.

"With inland greens it's different," the colonel said; "they don't get like that—at least not quite the same. Wormcasts are the worst afflictions that inland greens suffer from, and how to get rid of them is the deuce and all of a problem. If you brush them you brush up the roots of the grass too; if you roll them you cake the surface of the ground. The best thing I know is a very light roller, a wooden roller, that takes off the tops without battering the surface too much."

(To be continued.)

OLD-TIME TURF CELEBRITIES.



A GROUP AT LONGCHAMPS, 1868

MANY who read these lines will remember the comments elicited by publication of betting at Tattersall's on the first Grand Prix de Paris, decided on Sunday, May 31st, 1863. That circumstance, and the departure for France on the eve of the race of a large number of members of our own Turf world, were hailed as pleasant indications of a good understanding between the two countries having been thoroughly established. A most exciting struggle for the Derby had just before ended in the head victory of Macaroni over Lord Clifden. The conqueror in the great race at Epsom was not engaged in the Grand Prix, but Lord Clifden was about to compete for that splendid stake, and so, too, were Saccharometer (who had horrified his many backers by falling when running for the Derby) and The Ranger, a brown colt by Voltigeur, out of Skirmisher's dam, the property of Mr. Henry Savile. He, too, had been one of the defeated lot for the Derby. The most formidable rival to these colts was deemed to be La Touques, a filly that had carried off with much ease the French Derby and Oaks. Mr. A. de Montgomery was the owner of La Touques, a chestnut daughter of The Baron and Tapestry, trained at Middleham by Fobert.

At that time French race-courses were comparatively little

known to English followers of the Turf, and a large proportion of the British brigade who witnessed the contest for the first Grand Prix enjoyed then a first experience of seeing thoroughbreds battle anywhere save on the "tight little island." Not a few of the visitors were unacquainted with a word of French, and entirely ignorant of the habits and manners of our neighbours. It need hardly be mentioned, therefore, that on the return of our racing army to its native shores, many amusing anecdotes, some of them highly spiced, were related as to the proceedings of the bold Britons in a foreign country. Since 1863 the acquaintance of Englishmen with France and the ways of its inhabitants has been largely increased. On the other hand, the French people have advanced, it may be, but little in their knowledge of this country and the characters of the natives. In such force did the English invaders muster that at some of the hotels sought by late comers they could not be provided with accommodation; and of the seven hundred and fifty beds then made up at the Grand Hotel, it was stated in *Bell's Life* that six hundred were taken by English visitors.

When the Ring got together on the night of the Saturday preceding the race, much amusement was created by the loud-voiced offers of a few of the leading members of Tattersall's;

and their surprise that French sportsmen were, as a rule, unable to understand the proffers of odds made in rather broad North of England dialect. "Translate to them what twelve monkeys means!" said to a friend one of the Britishers, who was anxious to bet against Hospodar. Greatly pleased were the English division with the appearance of the race-course in the Bois de Boulogne—our present "drawing-room" meetings were unthought of at that period—and an object of much interest to them was Mdle. Isabelle, the flower-girl, who, in token of allegiance to La Touques, wore a tartan dress, of the same pattern as Mr. Montgomery's jacket, a Scotch cap, and a plaid scarf. The arrival of the Emperor, who was accompanied by the King of Portugal, was quickly followed by the Empress. This was the signal for a great outburst of cheering on the part of the English brigade, renewed when loud-voiced John Jackson ("Jock of Oran") called for a fresh volley for "the little Emperor," as he designated the Prince Imperial, who, it may be added, was not present. The runners for the big race were as follows:—The Ranger (J. Goater), La Touques (J. Doyle), Saccharometer (Aldcroft), Donnybrook (S. Rogers), Lord Clifden (T. Chaloner), The Orphan (J. Reeves), Damier (Sprooty), Grande Dame (Kitchener), Hospodar (C. Pratt), Princet (G. Pratt), Mons. Nardonie (Rook), and Demon (Flatman). As may be supposed, Lord Clifden looked all the worse for two very severe struggles at Epsom—after being beaten for the Derby he only got home a head in front of Jarnicoton for the Surrey Foal Stakes—and, with Saccharometer, started at odds of 7 to 2, La Touques being favourite with 2 to 1 against her, whilst the closing price of The Ranger was 5 to 1.

Lord Clifden made but a poor show, and a long way from home the contest virtually became a match between The Ranger, then holding the lead, and La Touques. The filly struggled gamely, but could make no impression on Mr. Savile's colt, who eventually won easily by a length; Saccharometer finishing third, two lengths behind the second; Donnybrook being fourth, and Lord Clifden fifth. The winner, it may be added, was trained by William Goater. Mr. Savile was congratulated on his success by both the Emperor and Empress, and afterwards presented the Prefect de la Seine with 10,000 francs for the poor

THE SLEDMERE STUD.—II.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BAY COLT BY HAMPTON—KATE CRAIG

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of Paris. The Ranger was next seen in public at the York August Meeting, where he carried off the North of England Biennial, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, winning the first-named race after a good finish with Old Orange Girl and Rapid Rhone. For the St. Leger, at Doncaster, he started third in demand at 6 to 1, but fell lame in running, and, as many readers are aware, a memorable victory was gained by Lord Clifden.

Roundly, the value of the first Grand Prix de Paris was £5,240, with an "Object of Art," presented by the Emperor. This was a piece of plate, a vase in the Renaissance style, mounted with the figure of a child distributing wreaths, the handles being attached to the neck by lions' heads, and the body by scrolls and horses' heads.

The group of Turf celebrities on which this article is formed is, rightly or wrongly, stated to have been photographed at the time of the race for the first Grand Prix de Paris. The original bears no date that would afford a clue. That the sender is correct in assigning it to the period when The Ranger gained his memorable triumph fair reason exists for supposing. The presence amongst the party of James Watson, and Doyle, the jockey, warrants belief that the photograph belongs to 1863. In that year Watson, a man little likely to be seen in Paris, save

when compelled to leave England on business, trained Donnybrook for the Grand Prix, that colt finishing fourth. The name of Doyle, too, was on that occasion a prominent one in connection with the race, as he had the mount on the famous La Touques. Neither the jockey named nor the Belleisle trainer were, probably, together present in Paris, at any Grand Prix save that of 1863. Why John Day should appear in the group is not apparent. No Danebury horse took part in the great race, although in subsequent seasons it fell to the Duke of Beaufort by the aid of Ceylon, and to the Marquis of Hastings with The Earl. Ceylon was ridden by Tom Cannon, Fordham not having a mount in the race, and the last-named celebrity, it will be noticed, holds a prominent place in the little assemblage. When Danebury carried off the Grand Prix in 1868 "George" certainly rode The Earl, but the horse went to France under the charge of



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BAY COLT BY GALOPIN—LADY YARDLEY.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BROWN COLT BY ST. SIMON—MUSKETRY

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CHESTNUT COLT BY SARABAND—THE BAT.

Copyright—"C.L."

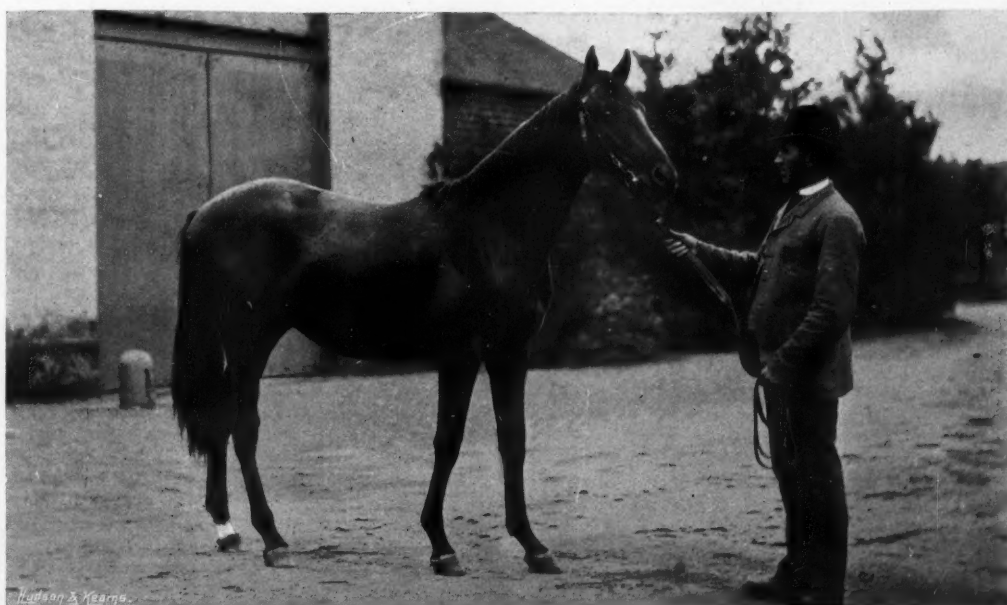


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BAY COLT BY GALOPIN—HERESY.

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John Day, junior, and Leonard Day. All things considered, it seems reasonable to assign the group to 1863, although, looking to the question of photography pure and simple, some would ascribe it to a later date.

Be this as it may, it is a curious memorial of men of mark in connection with horse-racing at an interesting period. Looking upon it everyone must be struck with the now out-of-date costumes, notably with the height and build of the hats! The sitters, beginning on the right, are James Watson, Jemmy Grimshaw, George Beckett, Bob Blenkinsop, Mr. James Bland, John Day, and the two Messrs. Moon, the once well-known vet. being last but one in the row. Standing in the rear are Messrs. Smith, "Jack" Ingham, George Fordham, Gilbert, Brain, James Godding, and J. Doyle the jockey. In nearly every instance the likeness is excellent. Watson, who died not many years ago, was one of the old school of trainers in more ways than one, and spoke with a "burr" that told of early life in a district further north than that in which he finally made his home at Richmond. His memory went back to the days of Dr. Syntax and Sir Malachi Malagrowther, the last-named a Newcastle cup winner, of which he appeared to have pleasant recollections. Of "Doctor," Watson used to speak as a mean-looking horse, a character, it may be mentioned, that was assigned to him by others. He began business at Richmond in a small way with Vanessa, Sulpitia, and a few others; but when he moved a short distance out of the town and set up at Belleisle, a fair share of fortune soon attended him. Oddly enough, a participator in his first big hit was Doyle, who appears in the group shown, and had the ride on Joey Jones, when that colt, trained by Watson, won the Northumberland Plate of 1861. Watson first saw the contest for that popular handicap in the year of its inauguration, 1833, when it fell to Tomboy, the property of Mr. Orde, owner of the "original" Beeswing. He never missed being present until 1889, so was a spectator on fifty-five occasions. Perhaps Newcastle Town Moor was his favourite battle-ground, and a second winner of the "North Plate" that he prepared was Spennithorne. Other horses of mark under his charge during a long career were Strathconan, Adventurer (when the City and Suburban fell to him), Robbie Burns, Bête Noir, and a large number of others that mainly distinguished themselves on the "Northern Circuit." At one time the doings of the Belleisle lot were watched by an army of touts, that being during the brief period in which raged the Plaudit mania. That colt, some will remember, was

the first rival to whom Achievement succumbed.

Watson never had under his charge a horse capable of carrying off the Derby, a triumph that fell to several of his calling whose portraits appear above. Respecting the career of John Day it seems unnecessary to write much, as its salient points will be familiar to most who peruse these lines. He had his share of the ups and downs of racing life, and was never so prominently before the public as during the time when the Marquis of Hastings and Lady Elizabeth, The Earl, and Lecturer were in the mouths of all men who made the Turf their amusement or business. The closing years of a remarkable life were not the pleasantest of poor John's time, but almost to the last he was an object of interest as he stumped about on the arm of Tom Megson; and people whose acquaintance with him was of the smallest seemed to be acquainted with some of his theories, hobbies, and foibles, so much had "John of Danebury" been made the subject of talk and printed comment during an important period of the history of the Turf. The greatest achievement recorded in connection with "Jemmy" Godding was the hit he made as trainer of Macaroni, victorious for the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby in 1863. During the previous campaign he had taken Feu de Joie to do battle for and win the Oaks.

The triumph of Macaroni on Epsom Downs caused immense excitement, the colt and Lord Clifden running such a close finish that even folks well placed to see the race during the last few yards were, in many cases, uncertain as to which had won, and backers of both the winner and Lord Clifden "talked to their books" both before and after the decision of the judge had been announced. No doubt Mr. J. F. Clark was right in awarding the race to "Mac," who, nevertheless, would not have been returned winner of the Derby had Lord Clifden gone to the post at his best. Fordham, when inclined to be communicative, could give curious particulars respecting certain of his defeated mounts for the great Epsom race.

The name of Godding will be remembered by some in connection with Caterer, Sawcutter (victorious for the City and Suburban Handicap of 1862), Isoline, Black Deer and Chattanooga.

The features of Gilbert, who stands a little behind George Fordham in the group, bear strong resemblance to those of the once well-known trainer to Mr. H. Savile. Reverting to the "Grand Prix" theory with regard to the photograph, it may be mentioned that Gilbert prepared Blueskin, who carried the "yellow, scarlet cap, gold tassel" for the great French stake in 1868.

Mr. James Bland, who occupies a prominent position in the picture, and exhibits the "tile" of the period with great effect, was at one time very well known and popular in the sporting world, racing and coursing men being alike familiar with his face. It was at Hampton race time, if we remember rightly, that he



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BAY FILLY BY AMPHION—CLARIBELLE.

Cap, right—"C.L."

used to entertain his friends right heartily to breakfast or luncheon, the consumption of strawberries, in particular, being enormous. He was celebrated, too, for some exceedingly fine old cognac, "The Flying Dutchman brandy;" and a nip of it on a cold day has brought comfort to many a man.

Mr. "Jack" Ingham, "Bobby" Blenkinsop, and Beckett, too, were all shining lights in the Turf world. Mr. Ingham, it will be noticed, did not adopt the then prevailing fashion in hats, but wore one low in the crown and of singular shininess. When a little later in life—that at the period when he was photographed—his head-covering became indeed most striking. He was known as the owner of a few race-horses—Predictor and The Duchess amongst them—and was at one time a prominent member of the Ring. With Predictor he beat Syringe, the property of John Jackson, in a £500 a-side match at Stockbridge in 1860, Fordham riding the winner and Bullock the beaten three year old. Mention of that matter leads up to allusion to Doyle, the jockey, who figures behind the Messrs. Moon. In the North of England he had, at one period, a great deal of riding, and was well known, too, on southern courses. One of his earliest triumphs of mark was on Tattoo, the property of Mr. H. O'Hara, the filly carrying off the Portland Plate at Doncaster when two year olds were allowed to take part in that popular handicap.

Another of his successes was achieved when the black Haddington, after a very fine race, won the Great Metropolitan Stakes for "Jock of Oran." Doyle was in the saddle on Tim Whiffer when that rather "shelly" but good horse carried off the Chester Cup, and as a very light weight rode Joey Jones for the Northumberland Plate, which fell to that colt. Finally, let it be mentioned of Jemmy Grimshaw that as a light-weight jockey he attained remarkable reputation. Victories on Hartington and Thalestris for the Cesarewitch Stakes caused his services to become in high demand, and on the first-named of that pair he rode a very determined race. In later life his most important success was on Hawthornden for the St. Leger.

SLEDMERE.

SLEDMERE HOUSE, the seat of Sir Tatton Sykes, is situated in the heart of the Yorkshire Wold country. To any one who knows Yorkshire as Yorkshire is, it is superfluous to comment on the attractions of the scenery, but it may nevertheless be chronicled that on the route from York via Malton to Frimber, which is the station for Sledmere, the railway runs through some of the most lovely valleys to be found even in that most beautiful county. In a word, it is Yorkshire at its best.

Sledmere House is a fine old Grecian building, standing in a grand park many thousands of acres in extent, whose well-wooded undulating slopes were so graphically portrayed in our illustration of last week, entitled EXERCISING YEARLINGS.

The house was re-built by Sir Christopher Sykes, in 1760, on the site of the old Manor, which dated back to the year 1430.

One of the features of the house is the LIBRARY, a magnificent room, of which, as also the SOUTH HALL, we are enabled by the courteous permission of Sir Tatton to present views to our readers to-day. The ceiling of the library is very remarkable, being, as will be seen, of very elaborate design. As a matter of fact it has never been touched since originally painted. The late Sir Tatton Sykes, father of the present baronet, known as the great reformer of the Wolds, was the first to plant and enclose the land, turning bare sheep walks into rich corn-growing land. In the palmy days of agriculture he was an enthusiastic and highly-successful agriculturist. His breed of sheep were famous from one end of the world to the other, wherever sheep and men who breed them existed; and his brood mares produced the best hunters and race-horses of the country.

The present Sir Tatton takes an immense personal interest



Photo. by W. A. Knuck.

THE LIBRARY.

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SLEDMERE FROM THE LAWN.

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THE SOUTH HALL.

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in all that appertains to the wonderful stud of which a few details were given in our issue last week. An inveterate early riser, Sir Tatton, when in residence at Sledmere, is out, if daylight permits, soon after 7 a.m., day by day; and he invariably goes round the paddocks to see the mares, foals, and yearlings every morning. In no stud in England is there such a collection of brood mares as are quartered at Sledmere, while the stock bred there in the time of the baronet and his father has included

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

THERE were several Grand National horses seen out last week, but their performances told us nothing more about their Liverpool prospects than we knew before.

At Warwick, on Tuesday, Victor, who has lost 4lb. to carry on the 26th of this month, received 15lb. and a twelve-lengths' beating from Grudon, and once more demonstrated the uselessness of sending him to Liverpool. This was in the Warwick Handicap Steeplechase, in which, however, with 3lb. the best of the weights, General Beresford's horse finished three lengths in front of Bugle, who had beaten Chevy Chase and Lotus Lily at Manchester; and, giving him 8lb., beat Lord Lieutenant, who had the best of Father O'Flynn at Leicester; so that the 1892 winner's chance also looks none too rosy this year, with 11st. 7lb. on his back, though of course one must never forget the difference there is between four and a-half miles over the Aintree country and three miles over any other.

On the same day Nelly Gray, with 2 to 1 laid on her, beat Ben Wyvis at even weights for the Debdale National Hunt Flat Race. This mare, who evidently retains her speed, was very much fancied when she started an equal favourite with the winner—old Why Not—for the Grand National of 1894, in which, however, she ran out and fell. She is a shifty sort of mare, though a good one, when she runs straight, and although Mr. Campbell got her home first in last year's "Grand Military," I do not think she will be dangerous at Liverpool this year under 11st. 3lb. Major Orr-Ewing has two others in the race, namely, Swanshot (11st. 5lb.) and Ford of Fyne (10st. 7lb.), and although I do not know which of the three will be the chosen on the day, I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be the latter, who, I know, stays for ever, has jumped the country successfully, and, in my opinion, has a good outside chance, in spite of his Sandown Park defeat.

On the second day of the Midland Meeting, Greek Lad, who had won the Upton Selling Steeplechase on the previous day, followed it up by taking the Coventry Selling Handicap Steeplechase, and as this is a very improving plater, he was probably bought in cheaply at 95 guineas.

The Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase, which has been won by some good horses in its day, on this occasion fell to the share of Mr. Heaven's Norton, a bay gelding by Chevronel, who was a useful plater in the seventies; and as his dam is a Knight of Kars mare, he is well enough bred for the jumping game to be a better horse at it than he is.

Sir Blundell Maple won the Budbrooke Maiden Hurdle Race with the four year old Chekoa, by Chelsea, who was a very nice little horse by Cadogan, and won several races for the late William Goater's stable, when he was trained at Michelgrove in the early eighties. He was well backed at 3 to 1, and beat the favourite, Mr. H. McCalmont's St. Servan, by a length. The latter ran second to La Masquerade, of the same age, for the Gopsall Maiden Hurdle Race at Leicester, last month, and although neither he or Chekoa were of much account on the flat, they may both make useful jumpers.

The seven year old Pennyhill, once one of the best young jumpers in training, was made favourite for the Midland Hunt Steeplechase; but he fell, ran away riderless, and, I am sorry to hear, hurt himself.

After Warwick came two days at Lingfield, on the first of which that useful son of Thurio, Mr. Leyland's Scampanio, who is in the "National" with 10st. 9lb., carried 12st. 3lb. to easy victory in the Groombridge Steeplechase. This horse has always been a favourite of mine, as he has a nice turn of speed, and stays well, too, though he is, perhaps, a little sketchy in his jumping, as he showed by falling on the second day of the meeting. Gauntlet and Westmeath, who have to give him 8lb. and 9lb. respectively at Liverpool, are in the same stable, and it is not known yet what will be the best of the three. The former I believe to be a very good horse indeed, though I have no means of knowing if he can stay the Grand National distance; and the latter, who is of a more wear-and-tear stamp, perhaps, although hardly of the same class, I should say, looks to me more like lasting four and a-half miles over the big Aintree fences than either of his stable companions.

winners of most of the greatest races of the country. Such a series of pictures as we have been enabled to place before our readers has never before been obtainable, COUNTRY LIFE being the first journal to whom the privilege of producing photographic portraits of the inmates of this world-renowned stud has been accorded; and we desire to express our acknowledgment of the great courtesy and consideration extended to our artist on the occasion of his visit.

On the second day, another Grand National candidate—and that a fancied one, too—was seen when Mr. Gollan's Norton galloped home by himself in the Park Steeplechase. He was meeting Scampanio at even weights, and, although backers laid 5 to 2 on his chance and took 5 to 2 about Mr. Leyland's horse, I think the latter would have won had he stood up. Horses that fall do not win at Liverpool, however; and it is doubtful, I should think, if Scampanio will be sent there this year. As the only other runner, Bridesmaid, ran out, Norton finished alone, and his performance says nothing for or against his chance in the big chase of the month.

There was a good day's sport at Sandown Park on Saturday. That once clinking good horse, Warrington, won the Warren Flat Race, after which he was sold for 320 guineas—less than a quarter of what he would once have fetched. The Liverpool Trial Steeplechase was won by Seaport II., but he beat nothing of any account; and, although he beat Caustic easily, giving him 2lb., and has only 7lb. more to give him at Liverpool, they are neither of them likely to have much to do with the finish.

Nothing of much importance has to be chronicled about the meeting at Hamilton Park, but there was some very interesting racing at Doncaster. Anchovy (11st. 7lb.), beat Kale (11st. 10lb.) and nine others, for the Corporation Hurdle Race, and Keelson showed his heels to a field of twelve, in the Stapleton Park Steeplechase. Cestus took the Town Moor Steeplechase, and Mr. Vyner's four year old Sand Chat was once more victorious in the Try Again Steeplechase. These are all horses that will pay for following.

There will be a great gathering of soldiers and their "best girls" at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday, but the results of the various events will depend so much on who is riding that I will not attempt to prophecy, and my one piece of advice in all soldiers' races is always to back the rider, not the horse. It is not likely that Cathal will throw away a good Grand National chance by winning the Grand Military Gold Cup, or, of course, he could do so; and in his absence I shall not attempt to find the winner until the numbers go up.

UBIQUE.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OF Napoleonic literature the world that reads has recently had enough and to spare, yet in the "Memoirs of Baron Lejeune" (Longmans), nicely translated by Mrs. Arthur Bell, we have two volumes full of interest and entertainment, towards which the wise reader will by no means assume the attitude of the Levite. Lejeune, as Major-General Maurice tells us, was an artist who turned soldier rather than a soldier who turned artist. He was present, as aide-de-camp to Berthier, Davous or Oudinot, at many stirring scenes during the military career of Napoleon; he saw much of Napoleon himself, and performed many a brave and dashing feat at his personal request. He recounts many a picturesque incident (notably that of the soldiery lighting Napoleon on his way, with torches made of their bed-straw, on the night before Austerlitz) which is new to the public. But, to the great relief of the desultory reader, who loves to find in his author a pleasant gossip rather than an instructive teacher, Lejeune is no historian, and does not care two straws for the historical importance of this or that event. Of all the wild excitement of Austerlitz and Jena; of all the miseries of the retreat from Moscow; of many other battles and marches which will never be forgotten, he was, to use the words of Æneas, a great part. That which he saw or heard, he observed with an artist's skill; and his thumbnail sketches in words are among the most amusing productions that have come under our notice. To turn over these pages is to spend hours in the company of an old soldier who, having seen much fighting, can tell a story or describe a scene passing well; and, when the reader is tired, he can shut the book up to return to it another day. This course, unhappily, cannot always be pursued in the case of the living warrior who fights his battles all anew.

"The Flight of the King," by Allan Fe. (John Lane), has the purely historical object of enabling us to follow the adventures met by King Charles the Second in making his escape to France from Worcester, after the fatal battle of 1651. It is valuable as a book of historical reference. It possesses special interest for those localities in the counties of Worcester, Salop, Warwick, Gloucester, Somerset, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex through which the Royal fugitive passed in his flight; and it has a prodigality of excellent illustration whereby the reader is enabled to stand face to face with the men and women who came to the aid of the King, and to see at Whiteladies, Madeley, Boscobel, Moseley, Long Marston, Cirencester, Trent House, and many places besides, the houses at which Charles lay, and, sometimes, the very

hiding-places in which he was concealed. In the second part of the volume and the appendix are much learned matter and many genealogies. Not a book for the million is this; but a book which will be valued in those numerous country-houses where the Jacobite tradition is preserved, without a suspicion of bitterness of heart, as a fragrant memory. A recent novel dealing with much the same period—it begins in December, 1652, is "Wetherleigh," by R. Davey (Roxburgh Press). Mr. Davey takes some unnecessary time in getting to close quarters with his plot, which gradually becomes absorbing; but the merit of his book consists in the vivid picture which he, a man of wide reading and particularly interested in dramatic literature, gives of the social life of the day. His descriptions of scenes "at the play" are capital. He portrays Milton in a new form. "I never," says Mrs. Nott, "took much of a fancy to old Mr. Milton. He's so queer-tempered and sour, and as blind as a bat. . . . I believe he is a real good man at his bottom, Mrs. Betterton, I do, for all his temper." In this book Mr. Davey, whose knowledge covers much ground, makes a very distinct advance, and shows creative power.

In the case of "King Noanet," by F. J. Stimson (John Lane), the English critic has the rather doubtful advantage of knowing what others, mostly Americans, think of the work. One writer prophesies for "Noanet" a place in the hearts of the people with such books as "Lorna Doone" and "The Little Minister." In truth, apart from "the hearts of the people" (which is a phrase of little meaning, though the words are strong, like "lurid flames and frank suspicion") the two books chosen for comparison are of great dissimilar character, and neither of them is in the least like Mr. Stimson's story. What Mr. Stimson has given to the world is, however, a thing well worth the having, for it is a story of adventure in the days of the Devon Settlers in Old Virginia and Massachusetts Bay, and as such it has merits which remind us far more strongly of Robert Louis Stevenson than of any other writer. The plot is strong enough, and at the end quite sufficiently startling, to satisfy the strong appetite of a healthy boy. The author has the gift of humour in no common measure; and his characters, notably the hero, Miles Courtenay, a very merry, vigorous and typical Irishman, are described with a skill and care which merit much admiration. After all, to write a boy's book of the first water, as Charles Kingsley and Stevenson proved, each in his own way, is a great achievement.

"Christine of the Hills," by Max Pemberton (Innes), is a most elegant and pathetic story, which the author assures us to be partly true, of life on the Dalmatian coast. Those readers who like a happy ending will eschew "Christine of the Hills," for, except during a brief space of time, during which evil is manifestly imminent, everything goes wrong with everybody. The book is, however, undeniably well written, and the characters stand out in clear lines.

The course of true love does not run quite smoothly, but it runs right at last in Mr. Walter Raymond's "Charity Chance" (Bliss, Sands & Co.) The scene is a quiet village on the Bristol Channel; the players on the stage are a pretty girl, living with a charming old maid, and others; and the girl becomes engaged before she knows what love is, to a good man and a true, the son of the fraudulent, but as yet undetected, trustee of the charming old maid. Enter a poet from London, of the kind that exists in fiction only, who, albeit an affected and impossible humbug, snares the heart of the guileless maiden, but gives it back to her when he scents danger ahead. So the money is gone, but the right pair are mated, and a pleasant book comes to an end. It is not epoch-making, but it is eminently readable, and has meritorious points. The oracular and meaningless sayings of the alleged poet, and the dry sayings of the Devonian gardener, are both put in a very humorous fashion.

Of forthcoming books the most important is the volume of the "Life of Pusey" which Canon Liddon left incomplete; but it will not be with us for some little time. Mr. W. H. Lilly's "Essays and Speeches" (Chapman) is a book which will have to be read, for Mr. Lilly is not only a learned man but a just critic and an able writer. Miss Francis Macnab, who has spent some time in South Africa, and has formed some strong opinions, will publish shortly her "On Farm and Veldt" (Arnold). Mr. F. Anstey's "Puppets at Large; Scenes and Fancies from Mr. Punch's Show" (Bradbury) is sure to be light and pleasant reading. For an anthology of Anglo-Irish poetry, which means, we suppose, poetry written by Irish men and women in the English, Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. A. P. Graves have plenty of materials to draw upon; and both of them, more particularly the first-named, may be relied upon as discriminating selectors. In fiction it will be well to look out for Mrs. Orpen's "Perfection City," and Miss Ella Macmahon's "The Touchstone of Life."

The following books, besides most of the foregoing, may be ordered from the library:—

- "Through unknown African Countries." Dr. Donaldson Smith. (Arnold).
- "Landscape in Poetry, from Homer to Tennyson." F. T. Palgrave. (Macmillan).
- "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. (Longmans).
- "The Water-finder." Lucas Cleve. (Hutchinson).
- "Ring o' Rushes." Shan F. Bullock. (Ward, Lock).
- "A Matter of Temperament." Caroline Fothergill. (A. and C. Black).

son, owned enormous numbers of dogs of all kinds; so numerous were they, that they had to be kennelled in every part of the kingdom. Among ancient tenures of farms and manors we find frequent mention of duty incumbent on the holders thereof to train and keep in readiness wolf and stag hounds for such times as the king might chance in their neighbourhood on hunting intent. Even these provisions for dogs were not sufficient, and the king's officers had a right to demand lodging and sustenance for his canine attendants from every man of gentle birth or landed estate, the clergy alone being exempted by special ordinance of Edward III.

So important was this duty of training and kennelling wolf and boar hounds and harriers, that we find heraldry reflecting the matters. The Grosvenors (the Gros-Veneurs of the Norman Dukes) had dogs as badges, and at later date as supporters. The Lovells, who held manors on the tenure of keeping a kennel of harriers, adorned their family shields with boars' heads, talbots and greyhounds. There are many other instances of this, and in some cases we see greyhounds chasing deer on the hereditary escutcheons, or harriers in full cry after hares. At other times the heraldic dogs are guarding woods, or are chained up, and seem to bear silent witness of sporting proclivities that have descended from generation to generation.

Surely no greater compliment could be paid to the hound than this regal custom of making the puissant barons in distant counties responsible for their well-being? True it is that stray dogs found in royal forests, chases, or parks were ruthlessly slain, and their masters heavily penalised. In those days the kennel master was an important personage in the baronial household. George Turberville, in his "Noble Art of Venerie and Hunting" (printed in 1575), says: "A good keeper of hounds should be gracious, courteous, and gentle, loving his dogs of a natural disposition; and he ought to be well-footed and well-winded, as well to fill his horne as his bottell." In fact, he was to be a paragon. Taking all things into consideration, we may not, perhaps, claim for our modern whips and kennelmen exceptional virtues, though we all know that they are masters of a strange flow of language when occasion arises. As regards official costume, the men of old were far more gorgeously arrayed than their present day representatives. Doubtless heavy cloth, fine feathers, and handsome horns of office were necessary to the dignity of such men as Turberville required for the tutors of royal and noble hounds.

Like the King's hawks, his dogs were sacred; whosoever did them hurt was past praying for under the gentle rule of William the Conqueror and his descendants. Lost hunting dogs were not badgered by men in blue; but they had to be apprehended and taken to the Sheriff, who solemnly proclaimed his prize, that the rightful owner might claim his own on payment of reasonable cost. Should no owner turn up, then the lucky Sheriff laughed gleefully, for he stuck to his prisoner, throwing a *solatium* to the finder. But most dogs of the chase wore collars in those early times, well guarded with spikes, for the wolf, the boar, the stag, and the wild cat might be met with in any wood; and each collar bore a conspicuous badge, so that restitution was easy.

It is pleasant to find Edward I. making provision for his sick hounds, and at the same time conferring a favour on one of his courtiers. He gave unto Juliana, wife of his liege, John Fitz-Alan, a hide of land in Dorset, in return for which she was bound to tend dogs lamed during hunts in the forest of Blackmore—an arrangement that did honour to the monarch and the lady. It will thus be seen that the endowment of a canine hospital is not an idea peculiar to nineteenth-century humanity. Indeed, it would be difficult to say whether, in this respect, we have improved on our forebears. Italian visitors to the courts of Bluff King Hal, and of his father, described England as the paradise of horses and dogs—though they were rude enough to add that it was the purgatory of servants and the hell of women!

GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.

HOUNDS IN HERALDRY.

IN the East dogs are mere scavengers; in the West they are man's companions. To an Asiatic it is an unclean beast, to be kept away from the dwelling place; with us, hounds lay on the sweet rushes in the great halls of Saxon Thanes; and in a measure this exclusion on the one hand, this companionship on the other, has lasted to our own days. It is undoubtedly man's love of the chase that has made him so friendly with his four-footed ally.

When England was largely covered with forests and wild moors, and the fierce boar disputed the lordship of hill and dale with savage wolves, strong hounds, as stout of heart as of limb, were much needed, and there is no lack of evidence that Saxons and Normans took great pains in breeding, training, and keeping wolf-dogs in good condition; while the greyhound, both for hunting the stag and coursing puss, were also in high repute. Those doughty hunters, William of Normandy and his red-pated

TOWN TOPICS.

ONE of the features of last week's remarkable Drawing-room was the quantity of historic lace worn on the Court gowns. Queen Marie Antoinette's wedding veil formed a filmy cloud upon the Hon. Mrs. Vampfyld's yellow and pink shot satin. Lady Harriet Harrison wore some quite exquisite Venetian point that had belonged to the Empress Josephine; and, in addition, had the folds of her chestnut velvet train held back by gold buckles that had once been the property of George IV. And the Lady Mayoress, in white satin and apricot velvet, wore lace that had appertained to Catherine de Medici. Mrs. Anderson, the well-known physician's wife, had her wonderful Russian brocade embellished with lace given to her grandmother just after the battle of Waterloo.

Princess Henry of Battenberg was observed to be wearing very deep widow's weeds on the occasion of her visit to town last week. She managed to get through a considerable amount of shopping for her children. It would very much surprise a certain West-end shopkeeper if the identity of the two ladies to whom he sold wares one evening were revealed to him.

Mary Caroline, Duchess of Sutherland, had a musical party at her house in Belgrave Square on Drawing-room day. Her invitations bore no address, and, being worded "The Duchess of Sutherland at home," were mistaken by

many of the recipients for cards for Stafford House. The Duchess of Sutherland is, however, abroad at present, recruiting her energies after hard work in the cause of philanthropy.

Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, has, for several seasons, been known by her beautiful pair of piebalds. Another lady has now started a pair, but the palm for smartness must be awarded to those of the Countess, who, though still wearing half-mourning (the Earl died in 1890), eclipses many a youthful beauty in appearance and style. Never were more admirable symphonies in black and white than those worn by the handsome mother of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Westmorland.

The suggested arrangements for the Thanksgiving Diamond Jubilee day on June 22nd are being freely discussed, but more particular attention is being directed to the proposed open-air service outside St. Paul's. This seems to afford a happy opportunity for many people to ventilate their views. There is one section who maintain that this commemoration service ought to be held in a sacred building; but when these people are asked to show how an edifice of brick and stone erected by man is more holy than the blue vault of the aerial heavens, they fail to give a satisfactory reply. One great advantage in the latter plan is that there would be no limit to the number of persons who could take part in the service, and, should the idea be carried out, it is more than probable that at the first sound of the National Anthem the vast concourse lining the route through which the Royal procession must pass would feel compelled to join in the singing.

The difficulty of securing safety to the immense crowd that will collect round St. Paul's is pointed out by others, but the authorities may surely be trusted to take the necessary precautions to provide for this. Those who were behind the scenes at the time of the Jubilee of '87 know how carefully everything on that occasion was planned in order to minimise the risk of accidents, and how the hospitals were required to hold themselves in readiness in the event of any unforeseen contingency. At St. Thomas's two wards were cleared out in preparation, and none of the staff were allowed to leave the hospital throughout the day. The authorities were also provided with a considerable number of tickets for Westminster Abbey, so that in the event of an accident occurring during the service, skilled surgeons and nurses could have been passed quickly into the building. Nothing, however, of this kind happened, and in the evening, when casualties from drunkenness were brought in, these did not reach the average daily number. In fact, it was the unanimous opinion of the staff that this was the slackest twenty-four hours ever known in their hospital experience. When other arguments fail people fall back on the weather, in spite of the fact that the latter has always been found to do its very best where her Majesty's interests are concerned. A remarkably fine June is prophesied, but if rain should fall on the 22nd, it will not be as inconvenient near the steps of St. Paul's, where an awning is sure to be erected (if this part is selected for the service), as it would be in the streets through which the procession must pass.

Lovers of dogs will find much to interest them in Miss Fairman's pictures, which are on view this week at Clifford's Gallery in the Haymarket. A whole wall is devoted to portraits of dogs owned by different members of the Royal Family, and which are exhibited by their permission. Amongst them are the Princess of Wales's Japs, "Punchie," "Facey" and "Little Billie"; collies belonging to the Queen and the Duke of York, and two portraits of the Prince of Wales's Dandie Dinmont "Venus." Collies, Japs, bull-dogs and terriers of all sorts abound, and in nearly every instance Miss Fairman gives the impression that she has not only succeeded in portraying the type of dog, but she gives the individual characteristics of the particular model which sat for her: the perky look of the Japs, the grave, kindly glance of the collie, and the stolid contempt of the bull-dog being reproduced in startlingly life-like manner. There are several champions, who are all duly impressed with a sense of their own importance and superiority over the rest of the canine race. "Lady Godiva as she went through Coventry without her collar on," is a portrait of one of those wonderful Dalmatians owned by Mr. G. R. Sims. "Discussing the fate of China," depicts three Japs in solemn conclave over a prostrate Chinaman doll; and champion "Dimboola" is a bull-dog keeping guard over a beer-mug and clay pipe, and the attitude of the dog and his surroundings seems to suggest in a remarkable way a certain type of Englishman. The majority of the pictures are for sale, while others are only lent by the owners. Miss Fairman has added some sketches of Florida and Brazil to the exhibition, but these consist principally of fruit and flowers, though there are a few landscapes amongst them.

Great changes are in prospect at the Mansion House, for the present Lady Mayoress intends to take up her abode there for the season. Already the place begins to wear a dignified aspect, for from almost-forgotten corners pieces of lovely Louis XV. furniture have been unearthed, which have been arranged to the best advantage in one of the drawing-rooms. The receptions that will be held during the coming season are likely to be on a scale of great magnificence, well befitting the dignity of the City of London in the Queen's great year of commemoration.

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

ONE of the American humorists gives a description of the feelings of a little boy who pays a visit to the cutler's shop for the purpose of purchasing a pocket-knife. In the company of many knives of greater excellence, and consequently higher price, everything within the reach of his modest purse looks mean and poor; but when, after much mature deliberation, he has made his choice and taken his purchase home, he finds, somewhat to his surprise, that away from a ready means of comparison with greater triumphs of the cutler's art his own is after all a "sure 'nuff beauty," and quite up to the expectations his fond fancy had anticipated. I confess that I shared the feelings of that little boy when standing the other evening on the platform of a metropolitan Railway terminus, I joined a crowd who, with languid interest, were

IN THE GARDEN.

A MIXED BORDER OF HARDY FLOWERS.

A GARDEN should be a picture of flowers—a canvas, so to say, painted with Nature's own colours. Few, unfortunately, consider the garden in this way; but fill broad spaces with a few tender things, precious for occasional use, but not to make an English border a pleasure to see throughout the year.

The subject of hardy flowers is selected for the first gardening article of COUNTRY LIFE, as none is more important. An English garden depends for its beauty and colour upon hardy perennials, that return to vigorous life again with spring. Many a famous picture has been painted of the old-fashioned border, backed, perhaps, by a red-brick wall, its colour softened by age; and it is such a spot as this that the artist seeks. Formal gardens filled with "carpet" plants—alternantheras, and so forth, are never interesting, and never give a handful of flowers for the house.

We want flowers that adorn the garden, and may be gathered, too, at all seasons. The present season is suitable for planting hardy perennials. Borders can be added to, and if there are beds still empty, these cannot be better filled than with such things as I have selected. A good soil to commence with is, of course, imperative. If at all poor, dig it up at once, not too deeply, and incorporate with it plenty of well-decayed manure. Then plant in a bold mass of one thing—not niggardly pieces of a hundred different plants that will not produce the rich colour effect one desires. What applies to the bed does so as strongly to the border. There must be bold groups to get an artistic picture. Stiff edgings of board, tile ends, and clinkers are abominations. A host of lovely things can be used for this purpose—the white pink (Mrs. Sinkins), daisy, Saxifraga hypnoides (mossy rockfoil), stonecrops, sedums, thrift, and where the soil is gritty and the position sunny, the deep blue gentianella (Gentiana acaulis) would be at home. Even from the margin, then, flowers can be got in profusion. Where soft stone can be had in the neighbourhood, it may be used for edging with such things as have been named to creep over and in time cover it. The white pinks make a snowy margin, covered with flowers in summer and pleasing at all times from their silvery growth. Box is quaint.

Winter gives us the Christmas rose, and the beautiful foliage of many hardy plants—as the bronzy colour of megaseas, the Christmas rose (Helleborus niger), followed by the Lenten roses, also hellebores, but of a different race; studies in delicate greenish white, purple, ruby, and plum colours. Then commences the gay procession of bulbous flowers, the snowdrops, scillas, and a hundred lovely things to colour the brown earth in spring days.

Remember to plant boldly, and if one wishes to get rich effect in the coming summer groups should be formed in the border of such vigorous growing plants as the Japanese windflower (Anemone japonica alba), Erigeron speciosus superbus (a soft lilac flower), the perennial sunflowers, larkspur, seedling hollyhocks, white pinks, clove and other self-coloured carnations, the yellow Helenium pumilum, herbaceous phloxes, the starworts (perennial asters, also called Michaelmas daisies), the evening primroses, (Enothera speciosa and E. Fraseri), bee balm (Monarda didyma), and hardy and half-hardy annuals from seed sown this month. Of course the fringe only of a great subject has been touched in this note, but I have mentioned the kind of plant I hope will be planted largely and well this month. Bulbs, which must be planted in the autumn, should play a part in the mixed border. Gladioli can be planted now, as these are not very hardy. Good corns put in now will bloom in the late summer.

THE CHINA ROSES.

Roses may be planted with a fair prospect of success in March, but autumn is the best season. As one, however, can plant now, a note may be written concerning the neglected but beautiful race of flowers—the China roses. They are not for the exhibition, but that matters nothing. We delight in flowers in their varying aspect in the garden, not on the show board only. The monthly rose belongs to this group, and is a delightful little plant, flowering continually, like its fellows, from early summer until frosts occur. Of great beauty are Fellenberg, Cramoisi Supérieure, Ducher and Rival de poestum, both white, and Mme. Laurette Messimy, which is the queen of China roses, its flowers of charmingly loose form, and distinct in colour, rose shades melting into yellow.

SEED SOWING.

The time of seed sowing has come, and orders for seeds not yet sent in should be no longer neglected. Hardy annuals are gay for many weeks, especially in the cooler air of the northern counties, Scotland in particular. Their growth is stronger and the colours richer. Half-hardy annuals consist of such things as China asters and petunias, to be raised under glass now and planted out in early May.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions addressed to us. A stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.

watching the boxing of a Shire horse. I "looked him over," and, like the knife, he was a "sure 'nuff beauty." The tell-tale ticket on his neck showed that he had just come from the Shire Horse Show, and a reference to the catalogue at once revealed his identity and his award, which was—nothing. That is the whole history of the show in a nutshell.

The average of excellence was so high that, unless of superlative merit, no animal had a chance of recognition by the judges. "The horses are better than ever," remarked an exhibitor on Thursday afternoon, "and those rosettes take a deal of getting."

That the efforts of the Shire Horse Society have been so successful is a matter for sincere congratulation, not only to them, but to the country at large. The object they have at heart is of

national importance, and it is pleasing to know that the British cart-horse can still hold his own against the whole world. The number of exhibits at this year's show—553—has only been exceeded twice previously, viz., in 1890 (when there were 646 entries) and in 1892 (when 561 were catalogued). The generous sum of £1,157 10s. was offered in cups and prizes this year, and it may readily be believed that amongst so much excellence the task of the judges was no sinecure. In fact, the very leisurely way in which their duties were performed was made in some quarters a cause of complaint, as on the first day, which was supposed to be the "judging" day, awards were made in only three of the fifteen classes; and the championship honours were only awarded late in the afternoon of what was practically the last day of the show. One of the most noticeable features of the show was the success of Harold as a sire, as the Society's Champion Cups for the best stallion and the best mare in the show fell to his progeny, Mr. Henderson's Markeaton Royal Harold (100), and Mr. Grandage's Queen of

A CHAMPION CUP WINNER.

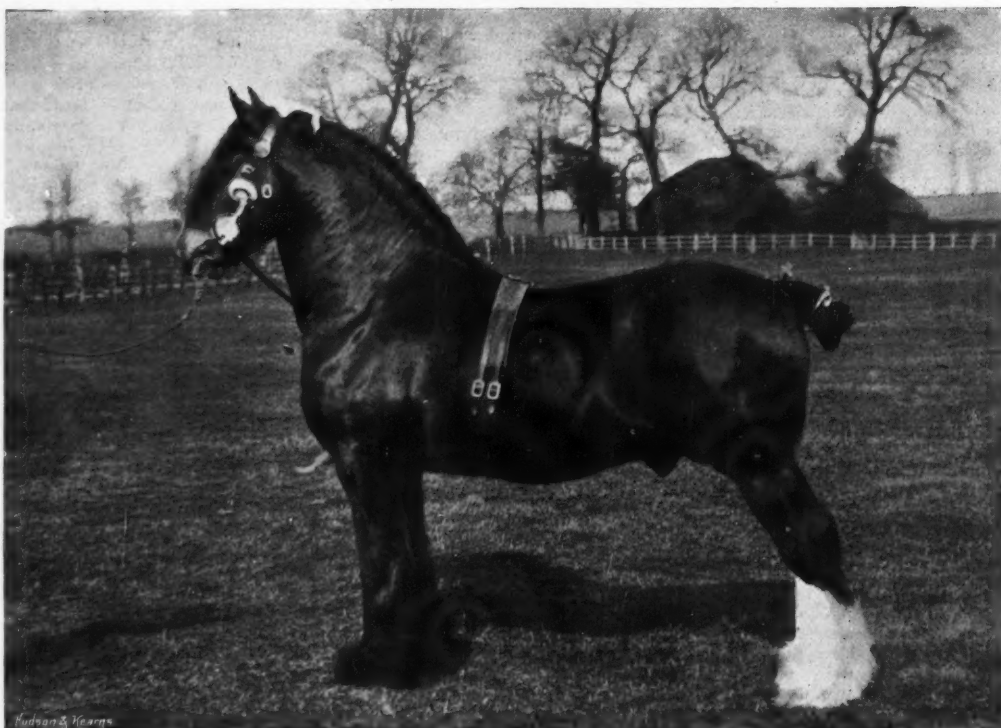


Photo. by Charles Hussey.

MARKEATON ROYAL HAROLD

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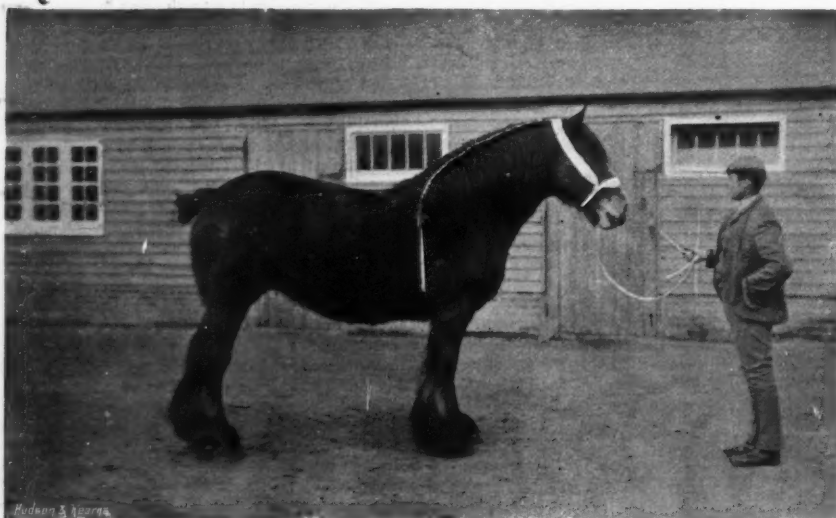


Photo. by Charles Hussey.

AUREA.

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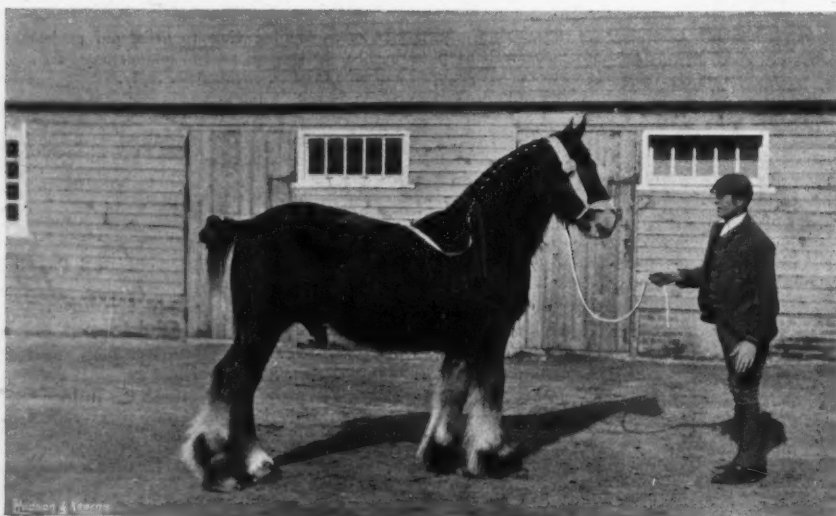


Photo. by Charles Hussey.

BUSCOT HAROLD.

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the Shires (399), respectively, both awards being greeted with popular approval, although the standard of all the animals was so high that the judges had to exercise considerable deliberation before their final award was made.

Arrangements had been made to obtain photographs of the best of the prize winners for production in these pages, and the intention was to take the pictures at the Hall.

Unfortunately this was impossible; and it was, therefore, with the greatest alacrity that I accepted the invitation of Mr. Crosland, the agent of the owner, to visit the champion at home at Buscot Park, Faringdon; and it is by this gentleman's kindness that the portrait of Markeaton Royal Harold, taken specially for COUNTRY LIFE, is here presented.

He is indeed a splendid animal, and though he does not perhaps show to the fullest advantage when standing, when walking or trotting his grand points are unmistakable. A list of the honours which have fallen to his lot would take up too much space, so that it must suffice to say that he won every prize for which he was entered at the recent show. He is a grand looking bay, four years old, by Harold—Sensible, by Premier.

The yearling here shown—BUSCOT HAROLD, by Markeaton Royal Harold—Aurea—hardly met with that recognition to which, in the minds of many experienced horse-breeders, he was entitled.

His owner, Mr. Henderson, has a very great and well-justified faith in his future; and before long Buscot Harold will, undoubtedly, be heard of again. Rumour has it that very large sums of money have at different times been refused for him, and he promises to be a finer animal than even his distinguished sire.

His dam, AUREA, whose portrait is also given, is a well-known prize winner; and although at the show she was not fortunate enough to obtain a higher award than third in her class, it is worthy of note that at the R.A. Society Show last year she was placed in front of both of the mares who, in this instance, were preferred to her.

The catalogue was, as usual, admirably arranged, and reflects great credit on those responsible for its compilation.

HAROLD WOOD.

Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne

MONDAY: But three short weeks, and ere the new hat I have just bought is old, shall I be located in the heart of the Metropolis, with my soul in arms, and ready for the fray of fashion. The thought is keeping me quite alive and quite good-tempered to-day, when everyone in the establishment seems to be particularly irritating, and my share in the run last Saturday bore the unblushing dishonours of disappointment thick upon it. (My diary is rapidly becoming, I observe, a refuge for distorted quotations from other great authors.)



A SPOTTED NET GOWN. WITH BOLERO OF VIOLETS.



A BLUE CLOTH DRESS WITH SAC BOLERO, ELABORATELY MACHINE STITCHED.

I have been weak enough to gather primroses this morning with all the enthusiasm of the tripping cockney. Furthermore, I have been found worthy of my London education, by some dalliance in a daffodil path, not entirely provoked by the beauty of the blossoms. I was talking seriously the while with Nellie's lover, who was gravely asking my opinion on a new cycling suit he projected. Most men dress atrociously; but then, so do most women; and at least the one sex has the grace to pretend it does not care, and its failure is the result of indifference, while the other achieves failure with painful effort after success. Tom's/a

very nice person; I am not quite certain I don't grudge him to Nellie.

He permitted me to select for him a dark blue serge, without taunting me for my want of originality, and even went to the liberal length of saying he would order me several yards cut from the same piece, if I would consent to allow him the privilege.

I permitted without hesitation, though what on earth I am going to do with the piece of blue serge I have not the slightest notion. No self-respecting tailor I have ever met will consent to accept from me such contribution. Thomas, of Brook Street, I know would scorn the act; and unless I can have my own special fitter, what is the use of the most beautiful piece of stuff ever produced? This is the sort of reflection with which I should approach a sale; but alas! when an opportunity offers,



A MAUVE STRAW HAT, TRIMMED SHOT RIBBON AND PINK ROSES

I invariably snatch at a fabric without any fixed idea as to the possible service it can do me.

I am trying to write calmly and quietly about clothes, because deep down in my heart I am haunted with an idea that my mental attitude while talking to Tom was not entirely free from a suspicion of unsisterly affection. I wish Nellie would look after her own young men, and not go up to London to have her hair waved, and thrust temptation in my primrose path, and expect me to resist it. I shall appear in my most frightful frock to-night; it's not very frightful at that, although it did its duty last year in all its simplest glory of plain white satin, and now appears draped with chenille spotted net, elaborately flounced, with a belt of jet round the waist, and a short bolero made entirely of violets.

Two girls and their brother, whose identity I shall conceal beneath the name of Urb, are coming over from their place, whose name I shall disguise under that of Urbania, which is only three miles away from here. Perhaps that brother may give me the opportunity of showing Tom how bitterly I repent my frivolity; or perhaps, after all, I can best make expiation and promise amendment if I let Tom sing to me. This is very dreadful, and it happens often.

WEDNESDAY: I have forgotten all about Tom. This is the way I usually treat my little sins. I ignore their existence with scorn.

Nellie has been talking to me on the subject of clothes for the season. It is a great subject, and I know very little about it; but I have discussed it with enthusiasm and all the cocksureness of the extreme youth which is not mine. My great trouble in advising Nellie about clothes is that while I describe them so graphically I want them all for myself, and directly I have put her on to a good thing I want to put that good thing on to me.

We cannot walk about dressed alike. There is nothing which so successfully disillusioned me of any style as to see two people together exploiting its charms. The best Spring dresses have braided jackets reaching to the waist. I like these with collars turned up round the neck, and an expensive front of elaborately tucked muslin set into little frills and edged with

Valenciennes lace. I must have at least one dress made like this in grey, and another in dark blue serge, which shall be supplied with a semi-fitting short jacket, with embroidered revers, and a large bow of spotted net tied at the neck. The skirt shall have machine stitchings, and the bodice to be worn with this shall be of hyacinth-hued *crêpe de chiffon*, fastening down one side with a little frill. Every self-respecting bodice this year, I find, is thus supplied to its adornment. After all, Nellie cannot be selfish enough to want either of these styles. There is open to her still the covert coating costume, with the jacket reaching to the hips.

Like the poor, the covert coat is always with us. I counselled her immediate purchase of one of these made in a very pale shade of drab—almost cream colour. Yet the Melton cloth in these tones is, on the whole, preferable to the covert coating. I suppose I must yield this, but not without a pang. There is nothing so difficult to me as to resist gratifying any dressy desire which may occur to me, and I have always considered that the woman who hesitates to supply herself with anything she may require is lost to all sense of the responsibility of existence she owes to her progenitors.

To-night I was lured into playing games. Foolish persons remained in the room, and even more foolish persons went out of it, to return to be asked the most foolish questions, and to reply to them in the most superlatively foolish fashion. It is on occasions like this that I feel my education has been horribly neglected, when I really have not the slightest idea whether a yard of alpaca be animal, mineral, or vegetable. I only know it is out of fashion, and therefore that it cannot matter; and I find it absolutely impossible, on a short notice, to declare who is my favourite poet. Three years ago I should have unhesitatingly asserted Browning; but, really, I am in anticipation of the journalists in the various papers next month coming to the fore with their quotation of "Oh! to be in England when April is there."

No editor should allow any writer the privilege of such quotations; there should be a close time for it from the first of April till its end; and a close time all the year round for the observation that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the



A TURQUOISE BLUE VELVET TOQUE, TRIMMED WITH LILAC AND BLACK LACE.

world;" whilst instant death should attend the man or woman who dares to make the memory of our Tennyson less dear by constantly observing that "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The sentiment of this it is to which I object, for anyone who knows anything about the question is quite aware that the young man's love is not regulated by the calendar—it is a perennial tragedy or comedy, a truism to which I have not just awakened!

And now to bed, to sleep—the sleep I hope not of the just awakened—and to remember, inconsequently enough, what a good story I heard about Nansen, who was seated next to a society lady of the extremest frivolity at luncheon recently, and confided afterwards to a sympathetic friend that she found him "rather rough going." The contrast of the two minds must have been exquisitely funny; had I but been there to see!